THE BEAVER ARGUS.

Vol. 51 No. 27. Beaver, Pa., Wednesday July 7, 1869. Established 1818.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Advertisements not exceeding 10 lines inserted three times for $1 00, and 25 cents per line for each subsequent insertion. Spaces equal to ten lines count as a square. Professional cards not exceeding five lines, $5 00 per year. Business notices 10 cents per line for each insertion.

Advertisements should be handed in before Monday noon to insure insertion in that week's paper.

Business Cards.

PREMIUM TRUNK FACTORY.—Joseph Lobsenz, Manufacturer and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in Trunks, Valises, Traveling Bags, &c., &c., No. 104 Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Pa. All orders promptly filled, and work Warranted. Factory corner of Fifteenth and Penn streets. [junel6:1y

J. ANDERSON, having taken hold of his old Foundry again, in Rochester, Pa., will be pleased to meet his old customers and friends who may want either the BEST COOKING STOVE, Heating Stove, or any other kind of Castings of best material and workmanship. The business will be conducted by

jan16] J. & J. ANDERSON & SONS.

THE SHARON MILLS.—The undersigned take this method of informing the public that they have purchased and taken charge of the Sharon Mills, formerly owned by the Messrs. Darragh, in Sharon, Beaver county, Pa. They have refitted them and are now prepared to do all kinds of grinding to the satisfaction of their patrons. Their brands of flour will compare favorably with any in the market. Give us a call before going elsewhere. SAMUEL DAVIDSON & BRO.

june16tf

NOTICE!—New Bakery, at Wilson's old stand, Third Street, Beaver, Pa. JOSEPH M. HANN takes pleasure to inform his old friends that he is established in business at the above stand, where he will be glad to meet and accommodate them. Fresh bread, cakes, crackers, nuts, &c. &c. Confectioneries of all kinds. No. 1 Flour, made from Fall Wheat, by the barrel, sack, or retail.

Jan. 6, 1869.

WILLIAM BARNES, dealer in Boots and Shoes, Gaiters, Slippers, &c., next door to Porter's Tin shop, Bridge street, Bridgewater, Pa., where he is prepared to manufacture and sell everything in his line at reasonable rates. Having removed his place of business from the corner near the Bridge to his present location, he invites his old friends and patrons to give him a call.

my26'68:1y.

J. S. HUTAN, Attorney at Law, Beaver, Pa. Office in Court House. [may18:tf.

BEN. K. PIERSOL, Attorney at Law and Surveyor of lands. Office opposite Professor Taylor's in Beaver. [apr21:tf.

E. P. KUHN, Attorney at Law. Office in McKinley's building, east of Public Square.

mar31:1y.

BEAVER SEMINARY AND MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

I will make corresponding reductions in Tuition and Music for pupils who may use the cars to reach me for instruction. Term opens April 1st, '69.

mar.17,3t. R. T. TAYLOR.

The Darlington Academy High School will open on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1869. Term, thirteen weeks. Classes formed in the classics, Higher Mathematics, and Com. English. Fall term opens Sept. 1st.

J. BRADFORD RHODES, Principal.

Rev. S. Patterson, Pres. Board of Trustees.

mar31:6mo.

Shingles, LATH AND FLOORING Constantly on hand, and sold at the lowest rates in the market. Frame timber sawed to order.

febl0:tf J. & H. DARRAGH.

G. L. Eberhart, Civil Engineer and Surveyor of New Brighton, Pa. Surveys, Maps and Profiles made on short notice. [jel7.'68.

T. J. Chandler & Sons, Dentists, Rochester, Pa. Office in Beaver Station building. All work warranted. Prices moderate. Give us a call. [nov4'68:1y.

F. M. ANDERSON, General Police, Detective and Collection Agency, Office, at Railroad Depot, Rochester, Beaver Co., Pa. All business entrusted to my care will receive prompt attention, on reasonable terms. [apr28,'69:tf.

Beaver Seminary and Institute.—Spring session opened April 1st. This school so long and successfully conducted by Prof. Sprole, and able assistants, offers extensive courses in the Classics, English and Music. For Catalogues address R. T. TAYLOR.

Shingles! Shingles!—The undersigned is now Manufacturing and will always keep on hand a large stock of No. 1 and No. 2's and 3's inch shingles, which he will dispose of at moderate rates. The mill is located near Beaver station, on the C. & P. Railroad. D. SHUMAKER.

jan11:69.

Coal, Coal.—The undersigned is prepared to deliver good burning Coal to all persons needing the article. Orders will receive prompt attention. S. P. CUMMINGS.

Dec. 2, 1869.

JAS. CAMERON, Attorney at Law Beaver, Pa. Office in the room formerly occupied by the late Judge Adams. Collections, &c., promptly attended to.

sept9'68:1y.

DENTISTRY.—Dr. J. Murray, of Bridgewater, has an "Office Right" to use the genuine GODDYEAR HARD RUBBER; consequently is fixed not use Gum Rubber, or soap-stone, as a base for teeth.

Gold and Silver Fillings put in of the best material, and all work warranted.

Feb3:1y.

AMARANTH Lodge No. 294, I.O.G.T. meets every Monday evening at 7 o'clock, in Rochester, in Codin's Hall. [feb10:tf

P. JEUNET, Watchmaker and Jeweler, 54 Market street, Beaver, Pa., (a room adjoining C. Wilson's office.) Gold watches and chronometers repaired and warranted. Engraving done to order. The patronage of the public is solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed. Give us a trial.

apr14'68:m.

THOS. McCREERY, Baker, corner of Third street and diamond, Beaver, Pa. Money loaned on Government Bonds. Interest allowed on time deposits. We will also receive applications for policies in the NATIONAL LIFE INSURANCE CO., OF THE U. S. A. Also Merchants', Manufacturers' and Artizans' Co. of Pittsburgh, Pa. Office below the Court House.

apr7.'68:tf

HENRY MEHZ, Dealer in Boots, Shoes, Slippers and Gaiters. Boots and shoes made to order. A long experience in the business enables him to do work in a superior manner. Terms moderate. Shop on Third street (near Rev. Miller's Bookstore), Beaver, Pa. Give him a call before purchasing elsewhere.

apr7.'68:tf

INDUSTRY SALT CO., Manufacturers and Dealers in Table and Coarse Salt, at Industry, Beaver county, Pa. All salt put up in good order, and warranted to give satisfaction. Orders promptly attended to.

S. B. BRIGGS, Manager.
E. BLUNT, Sec. & Treasurer.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—Persons having business to transact with the County Commissioners, will find them in session, at their office, on Friday of each week, until Sept. 1st, 1869.

By order of the Board.

apr14'69:tf JOHN R. BAKIN, Clerk.

CHAS. B. HURST, Notary Public, Conveyancer and Insurance Agent. Deeds and Agreements written and acknowledgements taken, &c. Having been duly commissioned as Agent for several first class Insurance Companies, representing the Fire, Life, Accident, and Live Stock Departments, is prepared to take risks and write policies on the most liberal terms. Also, agent for the "Anchor Line" of first class Ocean Steamers. Tickets sold to and from all ports in England, Ireland, Scotland, Germany and France. Office in Leaf's brick row, Diamond, Rochester.

apr28'68

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of Administration on the estate of John McKinley, late of Green township, Beaver county, Pa., dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same will present them properly authenticated for settlement.

SAMUEL NELSON,
may26:6t Administrator.

Rohrer's Wild Cherry Tonic Bitters, ARE THE BEST IN USE.

USE ROHRER'S TONIC BITTERS,

The very best in the Market.

R. E. SELLERS & CO.,

NO. 45 WOOD STREET,

Opposite St. Charles Hotel, also entrance No 102 and 104 Third street,

PITTSBURGH, PENN'A.

Wholesale Agents for the West.

For sale by John Moore, Beaver, Pa.

jeg6:1y.

Pontefract & Cass,

Manufacturers of Woolen Goods,

FOUR DOORS ABOVE EDGAR'S FLOUR MILL

Fallston, Beaver Co.

WOOL-CARDING, Spinning, Weaving, Fulling, Cloth-dressing and the manufacture of Blankets, Flannels, Cloths, Cassimeres, Knitting Yarns, will receive special attention, at prices lower than the lowest. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. [jeu17.

Farmers,

TRY THE

ALTA VELA PHOSPHATE,

It is composed principally of the celebrated Guano from

ALTA VELA,

Contains three per cent. of

AMMONIA!

An ample quantity to give activity (without injury) to the vegetation, and a large quantity of soluble

Bone Phosphate of Lime,

Together with POTASH and SODA, the essential elements of a

COMPLETE MANURE.

The high estimation in which it is held by many thousand farmers who are using it in preference to other kinds, is a sure guarantee of its value. Price $56 per ton. Send for a pamphlet! Address—The Alta Vela Guano Company, 57 Broadway, New York.

Miscellaneous.

CHARLES COALE,

HAS OPENED A STORE IN

NEW BRIGHTON,

To WHOLESALE and RETAIL

WHITE LEAD,

LINSEED OIL,

GLASS, PUTTY,

BRUSHES, NAILS,

Mixed Paints.

Colors in Oil and Dry.

Carbon Oil,

Boiled Oil,

Neat's Foot Oil,

Lard Oil,

Spirits Turpentine,

Coach Body Varnish,

COPAL VARNISH,

FURNITURE VARNISH,

DAMAR VARNISH,

SHELLAC AND

BLACK VARNISH,

COALE'S PATENT JAPAN

ARTIST'S MATERIALS,

Picture Frames, (to order,)

LOOKING GLASSES,

LOOKING GLASS PLATES,

FRENCH AND PLATE

WINDOW GLASS,

FRENCH ZINC,

ENGLISH AND GERMAN GLUE,

SAND PAPER, &C.

His terms are CASH on delivery of Goods.

jan1,'69.

DR. H. S. HIBBARD, W. A. SMITH.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

It is a positive fact that

DR. H. S. HIBBARD & CO

H. B. Anderson's Old Store

BEAVER, PA., have

Drugs and Groceries,

Which they sell as cheap as can be bought in Pittsburgh. They have on hand and are daily receiving

PURE DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
PERFUMERY,

Patent Medicines, of all kinds, Legal, Cap, Letter and Note Paper Pens, Pencils, Ink, Fancy and Domestic Soaps.

Pure Wines and Liquors,

for Medical purposes ONLY.

Burning Oils, and other articles usually kept in first class Drug Stores.

The Doctor having had a practice of ten years feels confident of his ability to give satisfaction in the prescription department, which is under his special charge. He charges nothing for advice and prescriptions.

Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Compounded at all Hours Day and Night.

We also have an assortment of

Sugar,
Coffee,
Tea,
Rice,
Canned Fruits,
Spices,

Flavoring Extracts, Jellies, Candies,

RAISINS, CHEESE, CRACKERS, &C.

Our goods have been bought low for cash, selected with great care, and will be sold at the very lowest prices. Give us a call before purchasing elsewhere. Country Produce taken in exchange for goods. H. B. HIBBARD & CO.

Jan. 6, 1869.

Extraordinary

GRAND BALLOON ASCENSION

IN BEAVER,

could not be more astonishing than the fact that

SIMON SNITGER & CO.,

keep the best, largest and freshest stock of

GROCERIES, FLOUR, FEED, &c,

in Beaver county.

And although it takes gas to make a Balloon rise, you will find, if you visit their establishment that they don't have to resort to gas to make their goods go. To all, we would say, "push to" and examine our stock! We have on hand the finest and best

TEAS,
COFFEE,
SUGARS,
PURE SPICES

Molasses, Syrups, Soaps,

also the best brands of

Tobacco and Cigars

to be found in the place

We make a specialty of

FLOUR & FEED,

buying and selling none but what are known to be the very best varieties in use. Our establishment enjoys a well earned reputation in this particular, and we intend in the future as in the past to maintain it.

WE DEFY COMPETITION.

Don't mistake the place. We are still at the old stand, west end of 3d St., Beaver, Pa. Come and see us. [jan6.

The Howe Sewing Machines

ARE THE

OLDEST ESTABLISHED

OF ANY IN THE WORLD.

They being the first Sewing Machines ever made and have been manufactured continually under the supervision of the original inventor,

ELIAS HOWE Jr.,

Since their first introduction 1844. The improvement upon these machines made within the last two years and their rapidly growing popularity attests the fact that they have reached the very acme of perfection and that they are not only the oldest established, but the best in the world.

These machines do perfect work upon all fabrics whether fine or coarse, making a stitch, also the invention of Mr. Howe, alike upon both sides of the fabric Sewed. The tensions, new, novel and unvarying, can be adjusted to any degree of tightness, and after being adjusted do not require changing, except for different threads.

To those who have used the Howe Machine, it is not necessary for us to speak; and we would caution all others who wish a perfect machines to be sure and see these machines before buying any other. Send for circular. Applications for agencies must be addressed to

SIBLEY & STOOPS,

Sole agents for Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and West Virginia.

Office 18 South 8th St., Phila., and No. 4 St. Clair St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

sept9'68:1y.

Lumber FURNISHED AT THE LOWEST RATES, AT DARRAGH'S, Sharon, Pa.

feb 10:tf

Miscellaneous.

SPRING STOCK.

CARPETS

Oil Cloths, Etc., Etc.

M'CALLUM BROTH'S.

61 Fifth Avenue, above Wood street,

PITTSBURGH, PA

Have on hand

THE LARGEST STOCK IN THE MARKET.

From the Finest Qualities to the Very Lowest Grades.

WINDOW SHADES,

Fine and Common Table Covers, &c., &c.

Prices uniform to all, and the lowest.

mar24:1y. M'CALLUM BROS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Philip Hoffman, deceased, late of the borough of Freedom, Beaver county, Pa.; therefore, all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement.

CATHARINE HOFFMAN, Ex'x.
CHRISTIAN HOLLAND, Ex'r.

jel6:6 w

FAIRBANKS,

STANDARD

SCALES

of all kinds.

ALSO, BAGGAGE BARROWS WARE-HOUSE TRUCKS.

COPYING PRESSES,

IMPROVED HONEY DRAWERS.

Fairbanks, Morse & Co.,

102 Second Avenue, near Wood St., Pittsburgh.

SCALES REPAIRED PROMPTLY.

apr7:6mos.

BREAD! BREAD!

The undersigned takes pleasure in informing the public that he is still engaged in the Baking business at his old stand, on Market Street, Bridgewater, Pa. He warrants that nothing is used in his bakery to make white bread out of dark flour. Persons leaving their orders at his bakery will be supplied at their houses daily if so desired, with the best of bread, &c. J. G. YOUNG.

apr14:3mos.

No Humbug. It is WARRANTED to cure cost or impaired taste smell or hearing, watering or weak eyes, offensive breath, Ulcerated Throat or Mouth, Pain pressure in the Head, and loss of memory when caused, as all of them frequently are, by the ravages of Catarrh. It is pleasant and painless to use, contains no strong poisonous, or caustic drug, but Cures by its Mild, Soothing Action.

We will pay $500 Reward for a case of Catarrh that we can not cure.

Sold by most Druggists Everywhere.

PRICE ONLY 50 CENTS. If your Druggists have not yet got it on sale, dont be put off with some worse than worthless strong snuff, "fumigator," or injurious caustic solution, which will Drive the Disease to the Lungs instead of curing it, but send sixty cents to us and the remedy will reach you by return mail. Four packages, post paid $2. One dozen for $5.

Send a 2 cent stamp for Dr. Sage's pamphlet on Catarrh. Address the proprietor, R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.

mar 13:m:3m.)

T. O. MORGAN.

SUCCESSOR TO

SHALLENBERGER BROS.

DEALER IN

Fine Family Groceries.

Queensware, Hardware,

NAILS, WINDOW GLASS, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, BACON, FISH, FLOUR, SALT, LIME,

Country Produce Taken in Exchange for Goods.

Goods delivered free of charge in all the Villages.

aug19:tf.

THE PEOPLE'S

Cooperative Life Insurance Company

OF

BEAVER, PA.,

Incorporated by special Act of the Legislature, April 14th, 1869.

Officers:

E. P. KUHN, Esq., President,
D. M'KINNEY, Jr., Treasurer,
M. R. ADAMS, Secretary.
A. W. TAYLOR, General Agent.

This Company is now fully organized, and Circulars containing its Constitution and By-Laws may be obtained by applying to the

General Office.

IN

BEAVER, Penn'a.

We Invite the Public

Before Insuring Elsewhere, to a Careful Examination of the Co-operative System,

As illustrated in our circular, and the security offered to the insured. A limited number of energetic Agents, who can give sufficient security for the faithful performance of duty, will find permanent employment by application to the General Agent in person or by letter. [je9:tf

Dan'l Hugus & Co,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Marbleized Slate Mantles.

No. 187 Liberty Street,

Pittsburgh Penn'a.

In the marbleizing process certain mineral colors, or metallic oxides, are applied to and absorbed by the stone, which is then subjected to a proper degree of heat, until the enamel is perfectly incorporated with the slate, and becomes one substance forever. We have now, on exhibition, over thirty mantles of different colors and styles of finish; and we pay particular attention to orders where parties wish colors to harmonize with paper and carpets. We are receiving, monthly, new styles from European Designers, which enables us to produce the latest patterns in mantle. [June9:1y

Miscellaneous.

KEYSTONE STOVE WORKS.

Car Factory Buildings,

NEW BRIGHTON, Penna.

Stoves, Grate Fronts, Fenders & Summer Pieces,

CHEAPER THAN EVER SOLD IN THIS COUNTRY.

LOOK AT THE PRICES!

FIRST PREMIUM COOK STOVE

RUBY.

No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	$45 00
No. 9, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	40 00
No. 8, Splendid Baker, Large Square Oven,	35 00

Franklin Parlor Stoves

No. 1, Small Parlor, extra heavy,	20 00
" 2, " " "	18 00
" 3, " " "	17 00

HEATING STOVES.

No. 5, Ribbed Egg, very heavy,	8 00
" 4, " " "	10 00

Enameled Grate Fronts,

No. 26, Grate 15½ inch,		$3 00
" 25, " 17 "		3 63
" 24, " 19 "		3 83
" 23, " 19 "		3 83
" 22, " 19 "		3 83
" 21, " 19 "		3 83
" 20, " 21 "		4 75
" 19, " 21 "		4 75
" 18, " 21 "		5 40
" 17, " 24 "		5 00

FINDERS.

No. 13, Plain Rod, Wide Narrow,	.75
" 14, Fancy " "	2 75
" 15, " without Rod,	2 75
" 28, Plain Rod,	2 00
" 29, Box, without Rod,	1 75
" 30, " "	1 50

Pressed Sheet Iron Summer Pieces,

Plain Enameled, $1 25
" with Ornamental Centre, 1 50

All Work Warranted. Give us a Call.

TERMS, CASH.

MERRICK & CO.

de15'68:]

J. C. HAMMOND,

Dealer in

Flour, Feed, and Grain,

ROCHESTER, (ON THE HILL.)

Flour at prices to suit all, in regard to PRICE and QUALITY. Mill Feed, of all kinds.

CORN MEAL.

RYE FLOUR
BUCKWHEAT FLOUR,
CORN AND OATS,

constantly on hand. Also, a cheap and convenient

Wooden Pump,

the cheapest in use. A quantity of the celebrated Alta Vela

GUANO OR PHOSPHATE

on hand, which will be sold cheap, in order to introduce it.

I buy for CASH, and sell for the same. Cash buyers will find it to their advantage to call.

☞ *All Goods Delivered Free.* ☜

Jan 20-'68 J. C. HAMMOND

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

WALL PAPER.

The largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper in Beaver County.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS.

A large assortment of Miscellaneous, School and Religious Books, constantly on hand at Publishers' Prices.

Gift Books Suitable for the Holidays,

ON HAND.

STATIONERY, STATIONERY, STATIONERY,

An extensive variety of Paper, Envelopes, Lead Pencils, Gold and Steel Pens, Ink and Ink Stands, &c., &c.

We are the exclusive Agent for the celebrated

Foley's Gold Pen,

for this County: those seeking a good Gold Pen, would do well to see them before purchasing.

We are the Agent for this County for Krider's Photograph Marriage Certificate. The attention of Clergymen is respectfully called to this, as we can sell them at the same discount as they would get from the Publisher. Atwaters School Government for sale at Publishers' prices.

We have constantly on hand Floor Oil Cloth in large variety.

WINDOW SHADES,
WINDOW OIL CLOTH,
RUSTIC & PAPER SHADES.

—ALSO—

on hand Toys and Variety Goods suitable for the Holidays.

J. F. PRICE,

Dec21 Broadway, New Brighton

THE GREAT

Zingari Bitters.

A Safe Blood Purifyer,
A Splendid Tonic,
A Pleasant Beverage,
A CERTAIN CURE
AND
PREVENTATIVE OF DISEASES.

The ZINGARI BITTERS are compounded from a prescription of the celebrated Egyptian Physician Dr. CHICONEAU, after years of trial and experiment, discovered the ZINGARIAN HERB—the most remarkable vegetable production the earth perhaps has ever yielded—certainly the most effective in the cure of disease. It, in combination with the other valuable properties of which the ZINGARI BITTERS are composed, will cure

Dyspepsia, Fever and Ague, Billious Fever, Cholic, Colds, Bronchitis, Consumption, Hot stage, Flatulency, Nervous Debility, Female Complaints, Rheumatism, Dysentery, Acute and Chroic Diarrhœa, Cholera, Morbus, Cholera, Typhoid and Typhus Fever, Scrofula, Diseases of the Kidneys, Habitual Costiveness, &c., &c., &c.

In the prevention and cure of the above diseases, it has never been known to fail, as thousands of our most prominent citizens throughout all parts of the country, will testify. Let the afflicted send for circular containing testimonials and certificates of those who have been cured after their cases had been pronounced hopeless by our best physicians. Principal Depot,

F. RAHTER & CO.,

No. 6, N. Front Street, Philadelphia.

Recommended by

Ex. Governor David R. Porter, of Pennsylvania.
Hon. Robert J. Fluer, of "
Hon. Edward McPherson, "
Hon. Jos. R. Danner, "
Hon. William McHenry, and others, "

SEND FOR CIRCULARS.

feb10:1

SELECT MISCELLANY.

THE HONEYMOON.

Is it better to look more foolish than you are, or the more foolish than you look? I have often heard the question asked and have always been of the former opinion. And in this I have been especially confirmed by a certain experience at Boulogne sur-Mur. I was very young at the time, and innocence was depicted on my countenance as if scribbled in pencil, but written in indelible ink, which the world, or the world have never erased.

My cottage for the sea consisted of an apartment in the hotel, with the use of the *table d'hote* for such refreshments as cannot be supplied by blankets and bolsters. I was thus open to the acquaintance of all the world, and the second day found me swearing eternal friendship with some of the most charming people I had ever met. The Honeymoons were not difficult people to know. Their forte was frankness. They consisted of papa, mamma and two daughters. Papa had a kind of "you-and-I" manner, with a style of address which whether illustrated in manner or not always gives you the idea of a slap on the back. He had retired from something or other—I scarcely knew what at the time—and in personal appearance resembled a major of the militia, such as one seldom sees in these latter days, except on the stage. He was blunt, not only seemed a good fellow at first sight, but had the more practical advantage of being a good fellow at top. Mamma was more studiously pleasant in her manner, and no approach to bluffness. Indeed she made such pretty little ingratiating grimaces when she met you, and became so playful on the smallest provocation, that ill natured persons might have accused her of affectation. She was a few years younger than her husband, being not more than forty, if ladies reach such an age at all.

They were both very nice persons, as you see; but it is doubtful if ever I should have found myself an *ami* of their temporary *salon*—that is to say their private apartments—but for their daughters. I mean one of their daughters in particular. Their names were respectively Rose and Blanche. I never knew a rose in a family without a Blanche to follow. Rose was the elder. They were particularly unlike in personal appearance, as well as in other things. If Rose's hair was of the agreeable carrot color then in the height of its popularity, the locks of Blanche had the advantage of a chestnut hue, and would never go out of fashion. If Rose was *coiffee* after the manner of the beauties of the court of Charles II; chastened by that of the beauties of the court of Louis XV, Blanche had a style of her own, which needed no models. If there was a fluttering fascination about the sister, there was something a bout the other more pleasantly to the point. If—but I need not go through a catalogue.—The difference between the two girls may be summed up in the fact that while one was very likely to take you by storm the other was almost sure to undermine you. And I need scarcely say which is the more dangerous aggression of the two. My preference was made from the first, and marked I fear to conspicuous a manner, not only in private but in public society. My favorite partner at the balls was Blanche; and when I say that Blanche was my favorite partner I mean that I never danced with anybody else. Only once I gave Rose a waltz out of—what shall I say—gallantry, having given herself up to a ridiculous *rous-officer*, with only half a pair of epaulets to match, before I could assert my usual claim.

We had all returned one evening from the *Etablissement* where dancing had been kept up until the late hour of half-past eleven o'clock. I declined an invitation to give the Honeymoons' another half hour of my society, thinking that they might possibly have had enough of it already, and Blanche, poor thing, looked decidedly sleepy. So we all went at once to our rooms. But I was not quite ready for rest; so throwing open my *jalousies* I stepped upon the balcony which looked over port, now lit by a full moon. I then did what most men would do under the circumstances—lit my cigar.

I dare say I was half an hour or so thus engaged, for during the reverie into which I fell a large sized regalia was burned half way to the end, and the accumulated ash dropped on the rail against which I leaned; when I became conscious of tapping at my chamber door. "'Tis some visitor I muttered," but remembering the lateness of the hour I concluded that the applicant was only some scamp of an Englishmen who had forgotten his room and was knocking anywhere on speculation. Satisfying myself that it was only this and nothing more, I was about to begin my reverie and my regalia, when the tapping was renewed.

I have already assured you that I am not as foolish as I look; so you will, I hope, believe me when I add that I am not a nervous man. That a curious vibration, suggestive of trembling, ran through me, I am free to confess; but remember I was on a balcony, and the night air was chill. I had even doubts about opening the door—a natural response to a knock in the day time, but not so much a matter of course in the middle of the night, when one is alone, with a solitary taper and so forth. But before I could quite make up my mind the door opened, apparently by itself, but I have reason to believe impelled by somebody on the other side; for there immediately appeared a figure clothed in white, shrouded even to the face, which was nearly hidden in drapery. It was a female figure, or at least gave you the idea of being such. The air must have been colder about this time, for I felt the vibration alluded to before stronger than ever. I was about to exclaim "Whence come you?" or make some equally natural address under such conditions, when the appearance itself spoke, saying: "Julius, follow me!" It then turned back toward the corridor, and I dare say I should have locked it out and myself in very effectively, but I knew the voice.

It was one of the Honeymoon girls—I could not say which, for voices run so in families—so I had no hesitation in obeying the behest. Approaching nearer I recognized the dress she wore. It was a white opera cloak, which I must frequently have seen before, for the two sisters were usually equipped in such garments when out for the evening. But the hood being up the identity of the wearer was not apparent.

However, we went into the corridor together, and I carefully closed the door of my room behind me.—There was fortunately a window at one end of the gallery, through which the moonlight was streaming, so that we were quite independent of my lamp, which I had neglected to bring with me. The lady spoke first, as ladies usually do.

"You must not think ill of me for visiting you in your room," she said hurriedly. "I knew you were up"—this was said with a pretty little air of confusion—"for my sister and I saw you smoking your cigar on the balcony; and as I have no secrets from her, I ventured, after a great deal of hesitation, to come down and see you. I have so little opportunity of telling you what I have to tell"—I thought this strange, as we were so continually together—"that I must take the best of what time I can command."

An uneasy suspicion now crossed my mind. I said:

"But why do you hide your face from me, as if you were concealing yourself from a stranger?"

She answered by throwing back her hood and looking into my face with a loving glance which made me start back in affright.

It was the wrong sister!

As she stood there with her impetuous bearing and animated eyes, the ornaments of festivity in her hair, and her decidedly becoming costume, I might have felt that she was quite a different matter. A lady must have very red hair, wreath it with very bright jewels, and get up very early in the morning besides, before she can hope to capture a heart given to another.

Fortunately I did not betray my astonishment in words or I would not venture to say what the consequences would have been, beginning probably with the burning down of the hotel. One reason, perhaps for my prudence was that words would not come. At any rate I let her run on.

"Although our tongues have been silent, Julius," she said, "my eyes must have long since spoken to you as yours have to mine. Your studious attention to poor Blanche, painful as it may have been at times, has afforded me in my reasonable moments the greatest satisfaction. It has given me the greatest assurance of your strength of character, as evinced in your constancy and power of self-denial. Who but myself among each giddy throng could have guessed the self-devotion which animated you in averting the suspicion of the world from the secret of our souls; or in other words, which impelled you always to dance with Blanche, in order to prevent people from observing our attachment."

This was a discovery indeed. But what could I do? I was alone with her and defenceless. I could only mutter a few words which must have sounded very like acquiescence, for she went on.

"I come, then, not to reproach, but to explain. I am not offended with you as you may suppose. I understand the signs by which you reciprocate my affection. So I say, go on as you are going" (that was pleasant at any rate,) "for it will disarm suspicion, which is the more necessary, as papa and mamma declare they will never consent to the match."

This seemed a comfortable way out of the difficulty, and I took advantage of it with my usual dexterity. I assured her that the state of things was most painful to me, but that I would bear up as well as I could and wait for those contingent days of happiness when I trusted that every obstacle to our union would be removed.

I saw her, once proud spirit was broken. She threw her arms round me and wept upon my shoulder. The situation was embarrassing; and I never felt myself a greater imposter in my life than when I mustered up courage to give her a salute in return, telling her, however, at the same time, that she must retire to her room unless she wished to compromise herself with the *garcon*, who would soon come to collect the boots. The practical picture which I presented recalled her to herself. Snatching a ring from my finger, and pressing on mine another in return, she rushed from my—or I should rather say her—embrace. The next instant her light foot was heard upon the staircase, and I was alone in the corridor—an engaged man.

The meeting the next day was embarrassing enough—at least to me. Nobody besides seemed a bit disconcerted. The major and mamma were as usual. Not a word, not a sign, indicated the suspicion of a change in the easy *bonhomie* in the one case or the labored playfulness in the other. Blanche was frank and beaming as ever. Was she in her sisters secret? I could not believe it. Rose was outwardly the same, but she perplexed me awfully by the expression which she threw into her glances. And she had a talent for expression which I fancy nobody knew better than herself.

I managed for two or three days, however, to conduct myself as before in our excursions and festive gatherings, continuing to appropriate one of the girls, and to receive glances of love from the other. Those I occasionally returned; but in a manner which would, I suspect, made any person with a respectable sense of the ridiculous laugh. It struck me, by the way, as somewhat remarkable, that the Major, notwithstanding his insuperable objections to a marriage between myself and Rose, never made the smallest objections to Blanche, but seemed to take them as a matter of course; and in this liberal view of the case he was apparently joined by his wife.

A month was passed in the same manner; and I felt that a settlement of some kind must be come to before we all went away. How I should have emerged from my masterly inactivity policy I do not pretend to say, had not Rose brought matters to a crisis by grasping the nettle in a very determined way.

It was evening. I was alone on the sands. The sun was sinking in its usual manner, and my heart was beating in company in its usual manner also, when I saw descending the steps by which the pier is approached at low water, a female figure of whose identity there was no mistake. She alighted in safety and bent her steps in my direction. It was Rose, of course. Blanche never ran after me. I only wished she would. I saw as she approached that she had come to make a communication.—Business was unusually blended with affection in the expression of her face.

"My dear Rose," I murmured, "you here alone—"

She interrupted me hurriedly. "Yes, I saw no other opportunity to tell you what has happened, and I saw you from the pier where I was waiting for my papa and mamma. He—my papa—is more than ever angry at what he knows to be your intentions towards me, and declares that to put an end to the possibility of us cheating him he will leave for London the day after to-morrow and take all of us with him."

I felt considerably relieved by this announcement, though the idea of seeing Blanche no more brought with it something like a pang.

"Yes," I said musingly, "it is very unfortunate; what is to be done? I suppose we must make up our minds to bear the trial with patience."

"Bear the trial with patience, indeed! that can never be. No, I have a better plan than that—we must elope. My father fixed on the day after to-morrow. We must be in London a day before him. I am of age. There will be no difficulty in getting a special license. I have friends of whom my father knows nothing about, with whom we could both stay—who would do the proper you know," she added with a charming blush, "until the necessary time has elapsed. And when once married and it can't be helped, my family will forgive us as a matter of course."

Had there been a shadow of difficulty in the way I should have had hope; but there was something horrible in the entire practicability of the proceeding. I clung to a straw.

"Yes, yes, of course we can do that; but suppose—suppose they stop us, and bring us back?"

My heart lightened at the idea, and I could feel that my eyes did the same.

There was Roman man majesty in the manner of her response.

"Are we to be awed by such a possibility as that? What is our love made of if it will not make us dare all?"

I felt ashamed at the imputation upon my courage, which indeed was not observed; for had it been with Blanche instead of Rose I would have gone like a shot from a rifled gun with all the latest improvements.—But Blanche had never told me that she loved me, and I was tired of hearing of my happiness from Rose. A sudden idea seized me—a simple but masterly policy suggested itself to my mind.

"Of course we will dare anything; but before we take this extreme course I will speak to your father. I will see him to-night, and—and—perhaps I can induce him to overcome his scruples, whatever they may be."

I was not afraid of the major, nor of any man, but I trembled as I thought of the extent to which I was committing myself. She met my proposition with an expression of horror, and seizing my arm exclaimed in agitated tones:

"As you love me do nothing of the kind! You know not the man you have to deal with. When roused he is desperate. Cool and pleasant as is his manner, reasonable as he is on general subjects, he is like a tiger when any man makes pretensions to the hand of either Blanche or myself; for he thinks nobody good enough for us."

The latter words were said with modest reluctance, and ought to have exacted some sweet rejoinder on my part. But it did not. My ideas were bent upon business. I could do nothing, however, but fiuntly urge the expediency of the course I had proposed, and fairly beaten in argument at last gave up the point. If a was afraid of anybody I was afraid of Rose. I could have sustained a pitch battle with the father; I surrendered to the daughter after a mere skirmish. In short, the only position I was capable of defending being thus abandoned, I had no choice but to capitulate altogether; so after a little more persuasion of a kind which is a very good imitation of force, I yielded, and agreed to the elopement arrangement, with a vague hope of something happening to prevent it.

So determined was Rose upon running away that I found she had already taken two places in the Folkestone boat, which started at 8 o'clock the next morning; so that adopting the precaution of getting her boxes conveyed on board the evening before, she could, under the pretense of going out to bathe, manage to get off before being missed. What can the mere will of man do against such feminine resources as these?

The meeting with Rose almost put out of my head an engagement which I had made that morning to dine with an old acquaintance who was passing through the place *en route* for Paris. I remembered it just in time, and made for the hotel at once. There was no occasion to dress, as it was only a *table d'hote* dinner. There was not a better man than Maxwell, it suddenly occurred to me, to help me out of the difficulty. Maxwell was a man of the world. He was still young—thirty or thereabout—but he had the experience of a patriarch in ways of life to which I was a stranger. He had served since the age of eighteen in a regiment of foot, from which he had just retired with the rank of Captain, and the course of changes and chances of his profession had graduated in knowledge of men and things, and might have taken honors in many kinds of learning incidental to this sort of experience. As luck would have it, he knew the Honeymoons, and told me more concerning them than I had ever known before. "The major" it seems, had never been in the army, but held a post in the Ordnance which gave him considerable knowledge of the service, and he was as well known at Malta as the Strada Reale. He had made a great deal of money in the course of his career, not out of his pay, but from commissions of all kinds which he executed for his military connections. He was always buying something, and had always something to sell. Nothing came amiss to him from a horse to a walking stick, and it was whispered—may almost proclaimed from the house tops—that he had a great deal to do in the way of accomodation of a pecuniary kind. He had two great objects in life—one was to make money and the other to marry his daughters. In the latter he had hitherto been unsuccessful, notwithstanding the utmost determination and perseverance. There had been a great many nibbles, but never a decided bite.—There had been offers indeed, but the men whom he knew best, and who thought it worth while to visit at his house, were not as a general rule good matrimonial speculations. They were mostly in debt, and there was a tendency among them to sell their commissions, or to get cashiered. Occasion

The Beaver Argus.

J. WEIAND, Editor and Proprietor.

Beaver, Penna., July 7, 1869.

FOR GOVERNOR, 1869.

JOHN W. GEARY.

Judge of Supreme Court,

HENRY W. WILLIAMS.

Republican Nominees:

Senate,
JAMES S. RUTAN,

Assembly,
WILLIAM C. SHURLOCK,
ANDREW J. BUFFINGTON.
HARVEY J. VANKIRK.

Sheriff,
ARTHUR SHIELDS,

Treasurer,
EBEN ALLISON.

Register and Recorder,
DARIUS SINGLETON.

Clerk of Court,
JOHN C. HART.

Commissioner,
JOSEPH BRITTAIN,

Auditor,
W. H. LUKENS.

Poor House Director,
ROBERT COOPER.

Trustees of Academy
D. P. LOWARY,
JAMES SMITH.

THE Treasury, on Monday last, commenced its new programme of buying one million dollars of bonds, and on Thursday next, July 8, of selling one million dollars of gold. After that date it will alternate weekly with the purchase of one million dollars of bonds in one week, and the sale of one million dollars of gold the succeeding week.

SUCH of the Cuban leaders as visited Washington last week, seem to be a good deal dispirited by the course of our Government in enforcing the neutrality laws. The attaches of the British Legation talk as though they had suffered a defeat, and the only possible inference to be drawn from their conversation is that they hoped to find in the departure of Cuban expeditions, an advantage to their side in the Alabama controversy. Gen. Banks was in Washington two or three days, advocating the recognition of Cuban belligerency. It does not appear that he made much impression on the members of the Cabinet.

ON our arrival home a few days ago we found quite a number of letters addressed to us personally, from prominent men in the county. Most of these letters were marked "private," and all referred in very complimentary terms to the course of the *Argus* on the unexpended balance question, and urging us to "go right forward in the discharge of duty without fear, favor or affection," and promising, to stand by us "politically and financially. We are very grateful to the writers for their kind words, and assure them that we shall try to merit and retain the confidence they repose in us. As our candidates for Legislature are now *pledged* to favor retrenchment and reform, we will see that these pledges are redeemed, not only to the letter but in spirit also.

THE numerous projects for inviting European immigration to the Southern States have been combined, and a proposition is now being matured to establish a steamship line between Norfolk, Va., and the ports of the Mediterranean, including connections with the country opened up to the world by the completion of the Suez canal. Gen. McDonald of Arkansas will, at the next session of Congress, present a memorial on the subject, signed by H. G. Walbridge, of New York, W. H. Trenholm of South Carolina, J. J. Hinds, of Arkansas, W. H. Gleason of Florida, H. T. Blow of Missouri, and others. He will also present a bill incorporating the steamship company, providing that it shall be established by subsidies from the Southern States, and that the Postmaster General shall contract with them for the carrying of the mails, at the rate of $12,000 per week. The movement will be supported by almost all the Southern Congressmen.

PLEDGES FOR REFORM.

Our candidates for State Senator and Representatives are now fairly in the field, pledged to support—in case of election next October—those salutary measures of Reform demanded by their constituents, and persistently and earnestly advocated by the ARGUS. This is what we expected. The people, when once convinced that reform is necessary, will not be satisfied with anything short of a positive assurance on the part of those who ask their suffrage, that such reform will receive their unqualified support. This assurance was given by our Senatorial nominee at the Convention of the Conferees of this Senatorial district, in Pittsburgh, on Wednesday June 30th 1869, in his remarks accepting the nomination tendered him by that conference. Previous to the nomination the following resolution was adopted:

Resolved, That the candidate nominated by this conference shall be and is hereby instructed to vote for the passage of a law to require the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to apply all the balance of the funds in the Treasury of the State available for the purpose to the purchase of the outstanding debt of the Commonwealth.

Jas. H. Rutan, Esq., our nominee is reported to have said on that occasion, "that he had never been asked "and had made no pledges to any "persons pertaining to the duties "of the office. He pledged himself, "however, to vote for, and urge the "passage of such a law as was contemplated in the resolution," and stated that "he was in favor of retrenchment and reform in the broadest significance of the words; and would always be found battling on that side."

The Legislative Conferees of this district at the same time and place as above, nominated Mr. Buffington and Van Kirk of Washington co., and Mr. Shurlock of Beaver co. for Representatives, conditioned that they endorse the following:

Resolved, That the candidates nominated by this Conference shall be and they are hereby requested to vote for and urge the passage of a law to require the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to apply the balance of funds in the Treasury, available to that purpose, to the purchase of the outstanding loan of the Commonwealth.

The representative nominees, in accepting the nominations tendered them, individually pledged themselves to advocate and vote for such a law as is indicated in the resolution. Their remarks and pledges will be found in another column of this paper.

We rejoice that these pledges were given because they show a deference to public opinion that could not be resisted or treated even with silence. We are glad they were made because they harmonize and concentrate the power of the Republican party in favor of the re-election of Gen. Geary, that eminent anti-corruptionist, and sturdy advocate of the reduction of the State debt by the instant appropriation of all surplus funds that may accumulate, to that purpose. We rejoice that they were made because we believe their spirit will compel the rejection of any aspirant for the office of State Treasurer—no matter how well qualified in other respects—who opposes the passage or has opposed the passage of such a law as is contemplated.

This triumph of the people was not brought about by the *silence* of the *Beaver Radical* and the *Washington Reporter*; nor by their insinuations and bold assertions that such Republican papers as the BEAVER ARGUS were injuring the cause of the Republican party, by calling the attention of its readers to the open doors of fraud and corruption in the State department, and fearlessly demanding on the part of the people that they should be closed, and the corruption fund applied honestly to the payment of the public debt and the reduction of taxation.

The ARGUS hoists the ticket to the mast head with the full determination to give it a hearty support, and to hold our Senatorial and representative nominees, not only to the letter but the SPIRIT of their pledges. We believe they will carry them out. The future will determine this point; in the meantime let us rally the strength of the party and elect the whole ticket.

THE absence of Attorney General Hoar from Washington, during the past ten days, owing to the important questions awaiting his opinion, is sorely felt it would seem by the heads of Departments, who continue to crowd upon him requisition upon requisition for instruction as to the various technicalities attending their rulings. So far, the large amount of business of the Attorney General's Office has been considerably retarded by the multiplicity of its duties, and the more than careful supervision which judge Hoar devotes to his duties. Among other matters before him, aside from Cuban and other international topics in which the Department of State is deeply interested, is that of deciding the right of the President to appoint to Consular and Diplomatic positions, where such positions are, and have long been, existing vacancies, owing to the nominations which were sent to the Senate during the past session not being acted upon by that body. It will be remembered that Congress interfered with the Tenure of Office act, and so amended it as to give powers of suspension, removal, and re-appointment to the President during the recess of Congress, but the 6th section thereof, which was wielded to good effect during Johnson's Administration, was not interfered with, as no such contingency was expected to attend the appointments of General Grant. The Secretary of State, however, contends that neither this section, or in fact any portion of the Tenure of Office act, applies to appointments abroad, and quotes in support thereof the opinions of ex-Attorney General Cushing upon similar questions, wherein Gen. Cushing defines these powers as distinctly mentioned in the Constitution of the United States to be vested in the President alone. There is no doubt Attorney General Hoar will coincide with these views, and many anxious office expectants are awaiting impatiently the result of his verdict, the question having been placed in his hands some two months since. Judge Hoar is not expected to return to Washington till the latter end of this week.

Senatorial Conference.

The Senatorial Conferees from the 26th District of Pennsylvania, met at the St. Charles Hotel, in the City of Pittsburgh, on Tuesday morning, June 29th, and organized by electing William Hornish, Esq., of Washington county, Chairman; and J. R. Harrah, of Beaver, Secretary.

The Conferees present on the part of Beaver county, were Dr. D. McKinney, Capt. M. R. Adams, and J. R. Harrah. From Washington Co., William Hornish, Esq., Capt. W. H. Horn and Dr. M'Cabe. Soon after the balloting commenced a resolution was offered and unanimously passed, pledging the candidates and conferees to abide by any nomination made, and support and labor for the success of the whole ticket.

The Conference, on the evening of the 30th, on the 374th ballot, nominated James S. Rutan, Esq., of Beaver, which nomination was at once made unanimous.

The following resolution was then offered and adopted:

Resolved, That the candidate nominated by this Convention shall be, and he is hereby, instructed to vote for the passage of a law to require the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to apply all the balance of funds in the treasury of the State available for the purpose, to the purchase of the outstanding debt of the Commonwealth.

After the adoption of the resolution the nominee was introduced, accepted the nomination and stated that he had never been asked, and had made no pledges, to any person or persons, about any thing pertaining to the duties of the office, that he had never been asked to make promises, and was free to do what his constituents desired, and what he believed to be right. He pledged himself however to vote for and urge the passage of such a law as was contemplated in the resolution, and stated that he was in favor of retrenchment and reform in the broadest significance of the words, and would always be found battling on that side. The defeated candidate M. A. McCracken, Esq., pledged himself to heartily support the nominee, and labor for the success of the Republican party.

J. R. HARRAH, *Sec'y.*

—$7,000 is the value of the medal voted by Congress to benevolent Mr. Peabody.

—Madame La Grange has finally abandoned the lyric stage and is living in retirement in Paris.

Special Correspondence of the ARGUS.

NIAGARA FALLS AND ITS SCENTS.

TORONTO, (C. W.) June 29, '69.

Feeling indisposed and somewhat tired of office work, we left Beaver, in company with two others, on June 17th for Niagara Falls. Taking the morning train at Rochester, 2 o'clock p. m. found us at Erie, situated on the shore of the lake of that name. The city of Erie is admirably located, healthy, rapidly improving, and presents attractions somewhat surprising to us who had never visited it before. It supports six printing offices, (one daily and five weekly papers,) numerous stores, and a great variety of hotels. The "Reed House," we presume, provides best for its guests. From here the tourist takes the Lake Shore Railroad and reaches Niagara Falls in five or six hours' travel. Arriving there, the visitor will be amazed at the cordial greeting he meets with at the hands of the omnibus conductors and hack drivers. They are all your friends, and extremely glad to see you. They yell at you from every quarter and invite you to go with them; promise you the best treatment in the world, struggle with each other for your baggage, and in a dozen ways show a solicitude for your welfare that can only spring from *disinterested* motives. However much against your inclination, you are at last obliged to act partially as between them, and go with one of your new-found, affable friends, leaving the others to grieve over your rejection of their proffered hospitality. Your chosen one will take you very speedily to the hotel whose agent he is. Soon after relching there you will make the important discovery that the proprietor and the driver, in their feelings toward you, are very different persons. While the latter's face is all the while wreathed in smiles, the other's seems to tell you quite plainly that he is looking out for No. 1, and that he can relieve you of your "collaterals" as dexterously as any man in town. He generally manages to do this unless you have a very full supply on hand.

The hotels at the Falls are good—not surpassed, in a general sense, anywhere. The "Cataract" and "International" are the leading ones in the town. At either of these you can get board and lodging at $4.50 per day. The 'Niagara' and 'Spencer' Houses are perhaps as comfortable places to stop at as those already referred to, though not quite so fashionable. Accommodations at the latter are furnished at $3 per day, and the generality of persons who tarry at the Falls any considerable length of time, either take board in private families (this can be had at from $7 to $12 per week), or make their homes at the Niagara or Spencer Hotels.

Niagara Falls village is not improving very rapidly. Its population now numbers about 3,000, and there are but few indications that lead one to believe that it will soon rival New York or Philadelphia in point of size at least.

Before making any allusion to the *Falls* of Niagara in this letter it might not be amiss to give the reader a fact or two connected with the Niagara *river*. The stream itself is 36 miles in length. By a glance at the map one will see that it is fed from Lake Superior, Lake Huron, Lake Michigan, Lake St. Clair, Lake Erie, and the almost innumerable rivers, large and small, that pour their currents into these inland oceans. Its outlet is Lake Ontario, and after its waters rest there awhile they form the St. Lawrence River, pass the Thousand Islands, Montreal, Quebec, drop into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and from thence mingle with the waters of the sea. The fall of the Niagara river between Lake Erie and Lake Ontario is thus computed: from Lake Erie to the head of Goat Island (22 miles), 25 feet; from the head of Goat Island to the Main Fall (half a mile), 50 feet; perpendicular height of the American Fall, 164 feet; on the Canada side, 158 feet; from the Falls to the Whirlpool (2½ miles), 64 feet; from the Whirlpool to Lake Ontario (11 miles), 25 feet Total in 36 miles, between the two Lakes, 339 feet.

It will be seen from this that for one half mile immediately above the great cataract the fall in the river is 50 feet. Here the water leaves its rocky bed and after falling perpendicularly a distance of 164 feet strikes the rocks again with a noise almost deafening to those unaccustomed to the sound. Large clouds of spray fill the air near where the column falls, and unless the wind is favorable a very imperfect view of the turbid water below can be had.

The river from the Falls to Lewiston, near Lake Ontario, is quite narrow, not averaging, we presume, more than 100 yards in width, and yet so deep, and the under-current so swift that line and plummet have rarely, if ever, found its bottom. Its depth is thought to be somewhere between 150 and 250 feet.

Rains do not affect the Niagara river, and unless the wind blows down Lake Erie from a westerly direction, it never rises. The amount of water passing over the Falls every hour is estimated by Dr. Dwight former President of Yale College at one hundred millions two hundred thousand tons. Another writer says that three millions five hundred and thirty thousand six hundred and fourteen tons of water pass over the Falls every minute.

The depth of the water on the top of the Horse-shoe Fall is 20 feet; at that point the water presents a dark green appearance, and here is where the line between the two Governments runs; the Americans owning the *whole* of the American Falls, and one half of the Canada, or Horse-shoe Falls. Goat Island separates the one from the other. This body of land contains 69 acres, is a little over a mile in circumference, and is densely timbered. It is owned by a family named Porter, and is supposed to have been visited for the first time by white men in 1765. How they got upon the Island, or off it again—if they ever got off—is unknown. Near the "Cataract House" a bridge has been thrown across the angry stream which the traveler must cross to reach the Island; other bridges connect Goat Island with the "Three Sister Islands" and Luna Island. A day or two may be very pleasantly spent in wandering about on these Islands and visiting the various objects of interest to be found on them. From Goat Island you can descend a spiral stairway and take, if so disposed, a jaunt through the "Cave of the Winds," This Cave is 100 feet in length, 60 feet wide, and 100 feet high. If inclined to "light-headedness" the visitor had better let some one else "go in," and when he returns, listen to his description of what he heard and saw. It is located under the American Fall, near its southwestern extremity. Luna Island is near by, and contains about one half acre of land. It is called Luna Island from the fact that a Lunar Bow can be seen from here by moonlight. A similar sight is nowhere else to be seen on the globe.—Visitors, in looking after this bow, should go out in good sized crowds, or make their arrangements to go as early in the evening as possible. "Thereby hangeth a tale."

Near the Cave of the Winds, Sam. Patch made his celebrated leap in 1829. He had a ladder erected from the waters' edge 97 feet in height. On the top of this he had a small platform built. Placing himself on this platform he sprung out into the river feet foremost. He remained under water some thirty seconds, arose, and swam to the shore. He repeated the fool-hardy act sometime afterwards, and got out safely again. He made another jump at Genesee Falls, a year or so later, but this was his last one. He never came up.

Below the Falls are two suspension bridges—one ½ of a mile below and the other two miles down. The lower one is a railroad and wagon bridge combined; the upper one used for vehicles and footmen only. Pay 25 cents at either of these and you may visit Canada—the Queen's dominions—and return. When over there buy no goods unless prepared to pay a duty of 45 per cent on what you purchase. On your return you will be searched at the bridge. From the Canada side you have a better view of the Falls than from any other point, and no tourist should come away without a trip over to "Europe." At the further end of the upper bridge—on the Canada side—*stands the "Clifton House,"* a fine hotel, and some-what notorious as being the stopping place of Jacob Thompson and other leading rebels during the war.

A short distance above the Clifton House stands Barnetts' Museum. The curiosities within are well worth examining. The proprietor, Mr. Barnett has a collection of over 30,000 specimens of birds, insects, fish, animals, mummies &c., which he has gathered from every part of the habitable earth. Adjacent to the building he has a flower garden and park, in which one will find the rarest flowers. In the park are three Buffaloes, one very large bull, the second a cow, and the third a calf. They are untamed, and when visiting the building in which they are confined, "You must not tease the Buffaloes."

On leaving the museum you can cross the street, descend a stairway and place yourself under the remaining portion of Table Rock. Some years ago the Table Rock was fifteen rods long and three rods wide, and projected over the precipice, some fifty or sixty feet. On the 26th of June 1850 a mass of this rock nearly 200 feet long, 60 feet wide, and 100 feet thick fell into the river and almost every particle disappeared instantly from sight. The noise produced by this falling rock, is said to have resembled an earthquake, and was heard for several miles distant. Just before it fell some 40 or 50 persons were standing upon it; no lives were, however, lost at the time.

Pass along under what remains of Table Rock, until you reach the water as it rushes over the precipice and falls at your feet, and you have a view before you which, in point of sublimity, is perhaps no where excelled in the world. It was while standing here a few years ago that Willis Gaylord Clark gave expression to his feelings in these beautiful words:

Here speaks the voice of God—let man be dumb,
Nor with his vain aspirings hither come.
The voice that speaks the hollow-rolling floods,
And like a Presence, fills the distant woods,
These groaning rocks the Almighty's finger piled:
For ages here his painted bow has smiled.
Mocking the changes and the chance of time—
Eternal, beautiful, serene, sublime!

One and a half miles west of the Museum stands Drummondsville, and near it is the battle field of Lundy's Lane. Under the care of a guide you ascend a tower from which you can see the whole scene of the conflict. From this tower too, Brock's Monument, on Queenstown Heights, can be seen by means of a telescope. It is some ten miles distant.

The battle field of Chippewa is some two miles up the river from Horse Shoe Falls. A duel was fought in the vicinity of Lundy's Lane, the Sunday before we reached the Falls. Two Spaniards, belonging to Cuba, but temporarily residing in New York, felt "riled" toward each other. A challenge passed between them, and soon after they met in Canada, fired at each other, and then returned. One was shot in the leg. They were arrested by the authorities at Niagara, but after some hard swearing, they were discharged.

Through with sight-seeing at the Falls, we took the cars again, and after reaching Lewiston, some ten miles distant, went on board a steamer, crossed Lake Ontario to Toronto, Canada, where we now are. Our sojourn here will be of short duration, hence you may expect us with you in a few days at farthest. J. W.

It seems hardly possible it is seriously stated, that Ku-Kluk letters have been sent to Mr. Douglass, the colored printer who is at work in the Government printing office, threatening him with death unless he leaves his place by a certain day. It is said that threatened men live long and we presume that Mr. Douglass is abundantly able to take care of himself. At any rate, he must stay where he is, if it should require a regiment of marines from the Navy-Yard to protect him. That bullying like this to which he has been subjected should be tolerated, is not for a moment to be thought of; and should Mr. Douglass be in the least injured, it will be the duty of the Government at once to employ all the Black printers it can find in the country.

MRS. WINCHESTER, a young married woman, in Chicago, on Wednesday night last, while laboring under a fit of temporary insanity, by some means set fire to her clothes and was so badly burned that she died on the following morning. While her clothing was burning she made no outcry nor alarm, but simply wandered about her room. A neighbor passing saw the smoke issuing from a window and told her husband, who went up and found her seated upon a lounge with her clothes all burnt off, except about the waist. She was engaged in the strange employment of picking off the burned skin from her limbs. Herself and husband went to Chicago on the first of May from Oswego New York.

For the Beaver Argus.

MR. EDITOR:—I have just been shown a copy of the *Washington Reporter*, containing a scurrilous reply to what it calls "base attack upon Thomas Nicholson, Esq., in my communication of the 19th ultimo. I beg leave to say, I made no assault upon that gentleman. I was only repelling an "attack" from a masked battery, behind which, Mr. N. was supposed to be, upon that portion of the Republican press which is now striving to reform certain abuses, and preventing the Republican party from passing wholly into the hands of unprincipled plunderers. Whilst I have no response to make to the coarse tirade of the *Reporter* man, I will say, in justice to Mr. N., that whenever he disavows the authorship of the communications to which reference was made, or the editor of the *Radical* does so for him, I will cheerfully recall every word that was written concerning him. Until this is done, he must not complain if, whilst he is making thrusts in the dark, he should receive an occasional one himself in return;—and, until then, I am content to let the reader judge whether it was not right that the public should be appraised of the new character he was believed to have assumed. J.

Gettysburg Monument.

We clip the following report of the dedication of the Gettysburg Monument, from a telegram to the Pittsburgh *Gazette*, dated at Gettysburg July 1, 1869:

The town is thronged and many were obliged to stay in the street all night. Many strangers are to-day visiting the battle field. The procession marched to the cemetry at ten o'clock a. m., under military escort. The proceedings at the monument, around which were stationed the military, commenced by singing a hymn by the Baltimore Arion Society.

Rev. Mr. Beecher then made the opening prayer, invoking divine protection for the futures of this land, as it had been accorded to it in the days of trial; praying that God would remember those whose homes were poorer because of the loss of those who are entombed on the field of battle, and beseeching divine guidance for the rulers of the country that peace may ever bless the whole land.

The hymn, "'Tis Holy Ground," written by B. B. French, of Washington, for the dedication of the Cemetery in 1863, was sung by the choir.

President Willis then announced that General Meade would address the audience preparatory to unveiling the monument, which would take place during the firing of a salute of one gun for each State having dead buried within its limits.

Gen. Meade then took his position on the platform, and was received with cheers. When the cheering had subsided, Gen. Meade said:

My Fellow-Citizens, Ladies and Gentlemen: Six years ago I stood upon this ground, under circumstances very different from those which now surround us. These beautiful hills and valleys, now teaming with luxuriant crops, these happy places around me, and wielded different from the tumultous roar of war and the terrible scenes enacted at that time. Four years ago I stood here, by invitation of the same honored gentlemen who have brought me here at this time, and laid the corner stone of this monument which we are brought together to-day to dedicate. And now for the third time I appear before you, at the request of the managers of the Monument Association, to render my assistance, humble as it is, in paying respect to the brave men who fell here, by dedicating this monument to them. And, at the request of these gentleman, I am about to make to you a very few remarks which are incidental to the occasion and suggested by it.

When I look around and see, as I now see, so many brave men who were by my side in that memorable battle—among them, His Excellency, the present Governor of Pennsylvania, Gen. Geary, and others who were with me at that time—when I look back and think of the noble spirits who fought so well and now sleep the sleep that knows no waking—gallant Reynolds, my bosom friend, and my right hand officer—brave Vincent and Zook and Weed and others, far more in number than I have time or words to mention—my feelings are those of mingled sadness and joy; sadness, my friends, to think there ever was an occasion when such men should be arrayed in battle as they were here; that we should ever have been called upon, as we were called upon on this field, to defend the flag of our country and government which have been handed down to us from our ancestors; sad to think of the mourning and dessolation which prostrated our whole land, North and South; sad to contemplate the destruction of life which we here wrought in obedience to our highest duty. I am filled with sadness to think of the hosts of mourning widows and orphans left throughout the land by that dreadful struggle. Such thoughts naturally come on us. At the same time I am filled with gratitude and joy—gratitude to the Almighty who directed the event and who selected me, as an humble instrument with those then around me on this field, to obtain that decisive victory which turned the tide of that great war and settled forever I trust, in this country, the principles of personal liberty and constitutional freedom. [Applause.] I feel grateful that our fellow-countrymen have been moved to the respect and honor we are now paying to the memory of those men who in the discharge of their duty laid down their lives, proving, by the highest sacrifice man can render, their devotion to the cause they were defending. Gratitude to those present to-day, because they are instrumental in contributing the high honor justly due to our fallen braves.

There is one subject, my friends, which I will mention now on this spot where my attention has been called to it, and in which I trust my feeble voice will have some feeble influence! I see here and there, marked with hastily dug trenches, the graves in which the dead with whom we fought are gathered. They are the work of my brothers in arms, the day after the battle. Above them a bit of plank indicates simply that these remains of fallen foes were hurridly laid there by the soldiers who met them in battle. Why should we not collect them in some suitable place? I do not ask that a monument should be erected over them. I do not ask that we should in any way endorse their cause or their conduct, or entertain other than a feeling of condemnation for their course. But they are dead, they have gone before their Maker to be judged. In all civilized countries it is the usage to bury the dead with decency and respect, and even to fallen enemies respectful burial is accorded in death. [Applause.] I earnestly hope this suggestion may have some influence throughout this broad land, for this is only one among a hundred crowded battle-fields. Some persons may be designated by the Government, if necessary, to collect these neglected bones and bury them without commemorating monuments, but simply indicate that below sleep the misguided men who fell in battle for a cause over which we triumphed.

I shall detain you no longer, for you are about to listen to one of the most eloquent men in this country. My purpose was simply to comply with the kind invitation given to me to speak meek words of praise for the dead heroes sleeping around, and of the solemnities of the occasion. I thank you for your attention and will now unveil the statue.

At the conclusion of the remarks a passage was cleared in front of the platform leading to the base of the monument, and assisted by Secretary of War Rawlins, the veil that shielded the front of the monument was dropped, and the first full view of all its beauties was met by enthusiastic applause from the throngs that were looking on.

At this interesting moment, mingling with the music of the band was the firing of a salute. President Willis then announced that Hon O. P. Morton, U. S. Senator from Indiana, would pronounce the Oration.

Senator Morton then addressed the audience. He recounted eloquently the battle of Gettysburg, saying it resulted in destroying the prestige of the rebel army, never to be recovered. By our victories at Gettysburg and Vicksburg the rebellion lost its prestige in Europe and all hopes of Foreign Intervention. At the foot of this monument sleep heroes of battle. In far off homes among the hills of New England, on the shores of the Lakes, and in the valleys and plains of the West, the widow, the orphan, and the aged parent are monrning for these beloved dead. Many of the tombs are marked "unknown," but they will all be recognized in the resurrection. Doubtless the recording angel has preserved the record, and when the books are opened on the last day their names will be found in letters of living light on the immortal page of heroes who died that their country might live. He paid a grateful compliment to the courage of the rebel dead.

The rebellion was caused by the false belief that chivalry and glory were the inheritance only of slaveholders. But now rebellion, the offspring of slavery, hath murdered its unnatural parent, and a perfect reign of liberty is at hand. The principles of liberty will be borne through all ages, and the prospect for liberty throughout the world was never so bright as to day. He then reviewed the advance of liberty since 1776 in the old world.

Of Cuba he said she is making bold, vigorous and—as we trust—successful efforts to throw off the Spanish yoke and establish her independence. Tho' we can not rightfully intervene between Spain and her colony which she has so long oppressed and impoverished, our sympathies are with the Cubans, and we can not regret any aid they may receive which does not involve a breach of the international duty of our Government.

After referring to the progressive strides liberty is making, even in England, he recounted the numerous difficulties encountered in putting down the rebellion, but contended that the justice of our cause enabled the final victory to be won.

He concluded as follows: We seek not to commemorate a triumph over our misguided countrymen. It is the cause we celebrate. Our triumph is their's and their children's, and their children's children unto the latest generation. The great disturbing element has been removed; vicious political heresies have been extinguished; the trial by wager of battle has been decided in favor of liberty and union, and all will submit. The people of the North and the South have met each other face to face on many a field; have tried each other's courage; have found they are much alike in most things; have increased their mutual respect, and are now preparing to live together more fraternally than before. The Southern States are rapidly recovering from the prostration of war, and with their deliverance from the incubus of slavery—with free labor, free schools, with imigration from the North and from Europe—will soon attain a prosperity and power of which they scarcely dreamed in former days.—Their advancing prosperity is solid, just and enduring. We rejoice in it; all participate in it. The bonds of Union are made indissoluble by the community of political principles, by the complete identity of domestic and commercial interests and by a uniform system of labor, of education, and of habits of thought and action. Henceforth disunion is impossible.

The choir then sang, "How sleep the brave who sink to rest," with the addition of two stanzas composed by W. W. Carter of Baltimose.

Then followed a poem written for this occasion by Bayard Taylor, but evidently not intended for general circulation, as the author refused to supply the Associated Press with a correct copy.

The choir then sang the hymn "Rest, Hero Rest," and Rev. Jno. Schumacher then pronounced the benediction.

The choir then sang the hymn, "America," with which the ceremonies were concluded.

The number of persons present during the ceremonies is variously estimated at from six to ten thousand, who dispersed at the conclusion of the programme.

From the New York Tribune.

Democratic Renovation.

The leading Democratic journals are earnestly discussing the policy of a radical change in the party programme. "What use," ask the new lights, "in running our heads forever against the same stone wall? Why not at least resolve to break them next time against sandstone or gneiss instead of the identical granite in colliding with which we have butted out whatever brains they once held!"

The new-lights have certainly reason on their side, which renders defeat almost certain. The party has so long subordinated its reason to its spites and prejudices that it is not likely to change now. Had it in 1861 followed Douglas, E. M. Stanton, Logan, B. F. Butler, Daniel S. Dickinson, John Cochrane, David Tod, D. E. Sickles, Lyman Tremain, and others of its old chiefs in saying, "We are for the Union now and forever: "its friends are our friends, its enemies our enemies," it might have ruled the country since 1864; but the greater portion of its members chose to sympathise with the Rebellion; so that, when that went down, the party fell with it. Even so late as 1864, had its Chicago Convention listened to no speeches, and passed but one resolve to this effect:

"*Resolved*, That we are for the Union, in War and in Peace, now and evermore, Slavery or no Slavery, negroes or no negroes, and insist on the earliest restoration of Peace that can be effected without consenting to disunion"—

and had nominated a ticket to match, we believe they might have beaten Lincoln and Johnson. It was their platform, with the placing thereon of Pendleton, that broke them down. No cool politician supposed them beaten till he read that platform; then he knew they had no chance.

Lincoln being re-elected, Slavery was doomed. It could not be preserved; and it was no one's real interest that it should be. *The World* saw this, and urged its party "to accept the situation;" but the party would do no such thing, and the *World* was compelled to back down.

Next came Reconstruction; and the Democracy did its utmost to have the Rebels restored at once to all the rights in the Union which they had renounced by Secession, putting the Blacks completely under their feet. The party did its very best for this programme in the XXXIXth Congress; and, outnumbered there, appealed—with Johnson's Administration at its back—to the elections of 1866, and was beaten worse than it had been in 1864. That should have ended the struggle for Black Disfranchisement; and so the *World* argued: nay, even the Chicago *Times*—as bitterly Rebel as the Charleston *Mercury* ever was—said the same, backed by the *Boston Post*; but no; there was the stone wall right ahead, and the party insisted upon rushing at it like a catapult. It might have made a platform and a ticket in 1868 that would have given it at least a fair chance of success; but the Northern delegates were so enraptured at finding themselves once more dining and wining, cheek by jowl with Howel Cobb, Toombs, Gen. Forrest & Co., that they gave their senses a furlough and most enthusiastically doomed themselves to hopeless defeat once more. Their ticket was defeated from the word Go, and every one not a frantic partisan knew it the day it was nominated just as well as the day after it was not elected.

Now, supposing the party, in a spasm of common sense, to recognize the fact that the Blacks are enfranchised and can't be remanded into serfdom, what of it? This concession has been refused till too late to have much effect. "Thank you for nothing!" will be the very general response. We would dissuade no one from doing right, even at the eleventh hour; but a negro must be very vile, very vicious and very drunk, to impel him to vote the Democratic ticket in full view of the history of our last ten eventful years. Doubtless, some will do it—for among them there are many degraded, worthless, trifling fellows—but these will do it about as readily without the proposed as with the proposed Democratic recognition of their rights. It is too late to make any considerable capital out of that.

And, if it were done and ended tomorrow—done so that there should be no remaining fear that it might be undone—the Democratic party would still be very far in the rear of public sentiment on other vital issues. For instance: This American People heartily believes in the War for the Union—believes it was on the Union side, righteous, necessary, and unavoidable—that those who fought bravely for the Union were heroes, and that those who died for it were martyrs—but the Democratic party believes no such thing. Here is the *World*, which in Unionism is rather ahead of the rank and file, sneering at the "loil" and "lority" day after day, pursuing Butler, Sickles, Logan, &c., with every low epithet and scandalous imputation born of Rebel malice and hatred, praising Confederate valor and generalship profusely, and Union ditto only when its subject is a Democratic candidate for office—can you imagine that the people do not understand? There are a great many more Democrats to-day who would delight to strew flowers on the grave of Stonewall Jackson than over the ashes of Ellsworth, Lyon, McPherson or Wadsworth.

Then as to the National Debt. We are paying the interest regularly and punctually, and have reduced the principal over Twenty Millions in Gen. Grant's first quarter, or at the rate of Fifty Millions per annum. Just let our taxes stand where they are, avoiding all needless outlay and, with our rapid growth in population and wealth, we can pay off the last cent of that debt by the close of this century. We are marching right on to the liquidation of that debt within the next thirty-one years. Yet a majority of those who regularly vote the Democratic ticket so detest the cause in which that debt was contracted that they are bent on cheating the Nation's creditors out of the whole of their due; or, if they cannot repudiate the whole, then so large a part of it as they can. Witness the following letter:

Correspondence of the Louisville Courier-Journal.

FRANKLIN, Ky., June 23, 1869.

The court-room at this place, yesterday, was filled with an intelligent assembly of citizens, gathered together for the purpose of hearing speeches from Ashbury Dawson and W. W. Bush, rival candidates for a seat in the next Legislature, and also listen to an address from the Hon. J. S. Golladay, our Representative in Congress. Mr. Golladay was in fine trim for the occasion, and, without any circumlocution whatever, came squarely out in favor of Repudiation, and announced that it was the only solution of our financial difficulties. He spoke at length of the two political parties in the country, but said that the doctrine of Repudiation was "no part of the Democratic creed but originates in common sense, and is older than Democracy." Many instances were cited to show that the history of all debts created for war purposes had resulted in Repudiation.

He charged that the Radical party, while it insisted on the sacredness of the public faith to liquidate its obligations thus contracted, had virtually set the example of Repudiation by refusing to pay for "private property taken without just compensation," as well as the passage of a "Bankrupt law;" and he now was in favor that the entire public debt should be paid in good faith or none at all. In the course of the address, Mr. Golladay exhibited a piece of Continental scrip issued by the colony of Virginia in 1781 for $1,500, which was repudiated by the Assembly after it became a State and a restoration of peace had been declared between the Colonies and Great Britain. His speech was listened to throughout with rounds of applause."

—If you think a party that elects such representatives and cheers such speeches is about to rule this country, just try it on!

The Yerger trial continues in Jackson, Mississippi. The defence are endeavoring to show that he was insane, or delirious from drink when he killed Colonel Crane. Here is the testimony of D. D. Porter, one of the witnesses for the defense, who read law with Yerger, and had been intimate with him for ten years:

"Colonel Yerger was prone, in political matters, to assume that he was the special object of jealousy and attack; egotism was excessive, and manifested itself on all occasions. He believed that he was, or would be, the first man of his name or of the country. On the occasion of his attending the Democratic Convention in New York, he was greatly elated; he believed that he received *more* attention, both private and public, than any other delegate from Mississippi, or than all the delegates put together, and he thought the attention paid him was a cause of envy to others who would, if they could, keep him under. Any person opposed to him politically, he regarded as his personal enemy. Colonel Yerger was a candidate for Governor of Mississippi some years before the war. He was in the habit of drinking, but never knew him to be drunk."

A special to the Cincinnati *Commercial* from Jackson, dated Monday evening, says:

"The prisoner, in his bearing before the commission, does not betray any signs of oppression. He cannot be said to be defiant, but he is not in the least abashed. He has been treated with considerable leniency by the military authorities. Once or twice daily the carriage containing Mrs. Yerger, the two daughters, young ladies of thirteen and fifteen, and one or two young children, may be seen driving through the camp to the prisoner's quarters, bringing creature comforts to him. The privilege appears to have been abused, and whisky and money have been conveyed to him. He is not now permitted to receive anything from outside, and is confined strictly to army rations."

A German astronomer, probably evolving the fact from the depths of his inner consciousness, has discovered that this respectable old earth is soon to have another moon. What effect two moons will have upon human brains as well as upon tide-waters, we cannot undertake to predict; but it is reasonable to suppose with a pair of lovely Queens of Night, a brace of bright Empresses of the Starry Sky, that the production of poetry, lyric, elegiac, philosophical and amatory, will be immensely increased. To such a consummation, devoutly to be deprecated, we look forward with horror; and we hasten to announce that after the appearance of the supplementary moon, original poetry will have no sort of chance of publication in this journal; so that nobody need send it.

THE Rockford Register-Gazette seems to have always been more or less discouraged; men being allowed, in this respect, much greater liberty; but St. Jerome mentioned a widow who married her twenty-second husband, he in his turn having been married to twenty successive wives. The championship appears, however, to belong to a Harlem woman spoken of by Evelyn in his Diary, whose propensity for remarrying had to be checked by law: "She had been married to her twenty-fifth husband, and being now a widow, *was prohibited to marry in future.*"

—Texans are luxuriating in a full crop of the luscious white blackberry.

—Two large co-operative laundries are about to be established in Troy, N. Y.

—Free bathing rooms for women and children have been opened in Philadelphia.

New Advertisements.

D. S. RANGER,

Bridge Street,

BRIDGEWATER, PA.

IS WEEKLY RECEIVING A FRESH SUPPLY OF GOODS IN EACH OF THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

DRY GOODS.

Steubenville Jeans,
Cassimeres and Sattinets,
White Woollen blankets,
White and Colored and
Barred Flannels,
Merinos,
Delaines,
Plaids,
Ginghams,
Cobergs,
Lawns,
Water Proofs,
Chinchilla.
Cloths,
Woollen Shawls.
Brown and Black Muslins,
Drillings, Tickings,
Prints,
Canton
Flannels,
Joconets,
Table Linen,
Irish Linen,
Crash,
Counterpanes.
Hosiery,
Gloves
& Mits.

Groceries,

Coffee, Teas, Sugar, Molasses, White Silver Drips, Golden and Common Syrups, Mackerel in barrels and kits, Star and Tallow Candles, Soap, Spices and Mince Meat. Also, SALT

The Beaver Argus.

Beaver, July 9 1869.

☞ Circulation Twelve Hundred. ☜

Rates of Advertising.

Space.	1 w.	2 w.	3 m.	6 m.	1 year
1 sqr—10 lines,	$2 00	$3 00	$5 00	$8 00	$10 00
2 squares, do	3 50	5 00	7 00	10 00	15 00
3 squares, do	5 00	6 00	9 00	11 15	15 00
4 squares, do	6 00	8 00	10 00	15 00	21 00
¼ column.....	8 00	11 00	15 00	20 00	30 00
½ column.....	11 00	15 00	20 00	30 00	40 00
1 column.....	18 00	30 00	35 00	60 00	100 00

Administrators' and Executors' Notices.....$3 00

Special notices per line, ten cents.

☞ Payments to be made Quarterly, except for transient advertisements, which must be paid in advance.

State of the Thermometer for the week ending the 3d of July], 869.

	7 A. M.	2 P. M.	9 P. M.
June 27	75 deg.	83 deg.	75 deg.
" 28	71 deg.	75 deg.	69 deg.
" 29	65 deg.	81 deg.	71 deg.
" 30	64 deg.	74 deg.	67 deg.
July 1	64 deg.	82 deg.	69 deg.
" 2	64 deg.	83 deg.	69 deg.
" 3	65 deg.	85 deg.	70 deg.

R. T. TAYLOR.

Subscriptions to the Beaver Argus.—The following named persons have paid the sums set opposite to their names on subscription to the Beaver Argus, since the date of our last publication:

John McMahon, Sr., Beaver,	$2 00
Reuben Watt, Elders Mills,	2 00
J. D. McDaniel, New Brighton,	1 00
John Barclay, Beaver,	2 00
G. W. Corry, Darlington,	2 00
Wm. Hamilton, Black Hawk,	2 00
Hugh Marshall, North Sewickley,	2 00
J. M. Wallower & Co., Smiths Ferry	4 00
Hugh Marshall, New Galilee,	2 00
Jackson Sloan, Freeport,	2 00
A. J. Marks, Beaver,	2 00
Capt. Greenlee, Beaver,	3 00
Samuel Lawrence, Darlington,	2 00
W. F. Austin, Beaver,	2 00
J. M. Hindman, Beaver,	2 00
Daniel M. Weigle, Phillipsburg,	1 00

The attention of the public is directed to the following New Advertisements which appear for the first time in the Argus to-day:

Dry Goods, &c.—B. S. Ranger.
Dress Goods—Schiff & Steinfeld.
Ex'rs. Notice—Jas. Irons.
Auditors Notices—J. H. Cunningham.
Agents Wanted—Sibler & Stoops.
For Sale—Hugh Marshall.
Sheriffs Sales—John S. Littell.
Western Land—Thos. McCreary.

FRESH LIME always on hand at the Mulvanon Lime Kilns, Vanport, 20 cts. per bushel. apr;tf.

Rumors say the *State Guard* will start up again this week.

The Littlestown *Press* has changed hands and is now managed by J. H. Christ.

From Chester county we hear that the hay crop is very light and the corn very backward.

J. N. McCullough, Esq., President of the Cleveland & Pittsburgh Railroad, has been appointed General Manager of the Fort Wayne road by the Pennsylvania Central.

Montrose county is raising funds with which to procure a soldiers' monument. We understand the citizens of that county have wisely decided upon a location for it before raising the money.

On Wednesday last Mr. Geo. Earhart, of Hempfield township, while assisting his two son-in-laws to load a saw-log, was accidentally run over by the log and instantly killed. He was upwards of sixty-five years of age.—*Greensburg Herald.*

The Clearfield *Journal says*: Copious rains have fallen in that region within the past week; and no doubt the growing grain and grass crops have sustained some damage in consequence. We understand that the corn fields especially have been much washed. A good average crop, however, is still anticipated.

In York county the other day a horse hitched to a mowing machine took fright and undertook to run away, but the machine proved too much for him and cut off both his hind legs directly below the knees. Of course the mutilated fragment of the poor animal had to be shot.

On Tuesday morning about 9 o'clock a sad accident occurred at Thomas & Pencock's furnace in Lancaster. While repairing the cupola the scaffolding gave way, precipitating to the ground three men at work upon it. One of them, a German named Joseph Slairs, had his neck broken and died immediately. The others were badly but not fatally hurt.

On the 14th inst., Mr. Henry Stacks, of York county, while shingling a house in Dallastown, fell from the roof to the ground, a distance of about twenty feet, and was instantly killed. He fell directly on his head, broke his neck, his nose, his jaw bone in two places, and his shoulder blade. He leaves a wife and two children to mourn his sad and untimely death.

Mr. Marcus Beltha, of Reading brought to the *Eagle* office on Saturday a white robin, which was caught by Mr. Schildt, in Alsac township, east of Mt. Penn, and not more than a mile from the city line. It is perfectly white with red eyes, and is a beautiful bird. It was taken from a nest containing several other young robins, all of which, with the old birds, were of the usual color. The little captive is quite young, but is able to fly a short distance.

On Saturday last, Mr. Wm. Lytle, of Conemaugh tp., Indiana county, was riding along on horseback, near Porter's salt works, close to the West. Pa. Railroad, and while the 11 a. m. freight train east, with 34 cars and two engines, was passing, his horse took fright and ran off, Mr. Lytle losing his balance, but still remained on the horse, which was running at full speed, when his head struck the abutment of the Porter Canal bridge, causing almost instant death. He was about 68 years of age.

The Lancaster *Examiner* says: Miss Annie Keller, daughter of Mrs. Daniel Keller, of Ephrata tp., met with a sad accident on Tuesday, 22d inst., which terminated fatally on Friday. In the afternoon of Tuesday she was picking cherries from the top of a tree, when the limb upon which she was sitting gave way, and she fell to the ground, a distance of about thirty feet. She struck upon her head and left side of the face, and was taken up insensible. She lingered until Friday, when she died of congestion of the brain.

Horses Drowned.—On last Wednesday a team of horses belonging to a gentleman named Eckert, from the south side of the river, became frightened in Rochester and ran away. They finally became detached from the wagon and rushed into the river near Speyerer & Sons' Store, and the water being deep they were both drowned before assistance could be rendered them. They were a good pair of animals and their drowning proves quite a loss to their owner.

A couple of freight trains undertook to pass each other Monday afternoon on the same track just east of Jamestown, N. Y., a feat which we believe has never been accomplished on the A. & G. W. or any other railroad. The result was a general smash up. Both engines were knocked into "pi" and numerous freight cars were wrecked. Fortunately nobody was hurt. We understand that the offending Conductor and Engineer have been discharged. The collision was the result of disobedience of orders.

Church Festival.—A hurriedly gotten up festival was held on last Monday evening by the ladies of the M. E. Church Sewing Society of Beaver. Quite a large crowd enjoyed themselves hugely for an hour or two. The refreshments consisted of ice cream and cake. About $50 was realized on the occasion. The gathering, occurred in the M. E. Church building and was the last public meeting held within its walls, as laborers are now engaged in leveling the structure with the ground preparatory to the erection of a new and more comodious building on its present site.

Sweet Tempers.—Wives, why will you allow your husbands to destroy the happiness of your households by their moroseness and bad humor, when a single bottle of Whittlesey's Dyspepsia Cure would sweeten their tempers, by curing the cause of almost all bad tempers—indigestion.

The Sullivan Estate.—The Sullivan estate in St. Louis, to which we have on two or three occasions recently referred in the *Argus*, and in which the McElduff family in Brighton township, were interested, proves to be larger, than we had for some time past supposed. Of its exact amount, though, we have yet no definite knowledge. The heirship of the McElduffs has been fully established, and M. Darragh, Esq., of Sharon, this county, has been selected to visit St. Louis, and make such arrangements to obtain the McElduff interest as may seem necessary. On his return we will refer to the matter again.

Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is warranted to cure Catarrh in its worst forms and stages. The most painful cases are speedily relieved by it, and stoppages, offensive discharges and tainted breath all yield to its wonderful curative powers. Cold in the head, dizziness and thin watery discharges are removed, the head cleared, the air passages opened and relief and comfort afforded by its use. It contains no strong irritating, poisonous or caustic drugs. Sent by mail on receipt of price. Address R. V. Price, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by most druggists everywhere.

Infant Child found.—On the 1st of July a male child, supposed to be a day or two old, was found floating in the Ohio river some two miles below Raccoon creek in Raccoon tp. It was a very healthy child in appearance. There were no articles of clothing upon it when found. The child was discovered in the water by Mr. William Hagens, Esq. Shrodes, of Moon township, called a jury who held an inquest over the body and decided that the child came to its death by violence at the hands of some person or persons to the jury unknown. This is the second child found in the water in that locality within the past two months. The two children now lie side by side on the bank of the river near the residence of Mr. Wm. Rambo.

Alisma.—Last week we called attention to the Constitution Bitters of Seward & Bently, and now we take pleasure in noticing their Alisma for the hair, which is said to be a very fine article for the toilet. We are of the opinion that the preparations of S. & B. are all good, for the reputation they sustain as druggists is good evidence that they would not put anything in the market of an ordinary character. Mr. John Moore has it for sale and we hope all our friends will try it.

For all Bronchial affections try Seward's Cough Cure.

Struck by Lightning.—About seven o'clock last Saturday evening, during the severe thunder storm which visited Steubenville and vicinity, the building on Market street, formerly known as the St. Charles hotel, but occupied at this time by Messrs. Falk & Allen as a cracker bakery, was struck by lightning. The electrical fluid first struck the chimney at the east end of the building, shattering it considerably. It then passed down the flue to the first floor, coming out of a stove pipe hole, passed down the wall to the floor and out of the front door. Mr. Allen was sitting on a chair near the door at the time. He had one foot against the wall and the other resting on the floor, the lightning in passing under the foot that was resting on the floor, literally tore the entire sole from his boot and damaged the sock somewhat, but strange to say not injuring him in the least. Mr. Allen's escape is almost miraculous.—*Steubenville Gazette.*

The Sarsaparilla Diggers of Yucatan.—This singular sect of people are descended from the ancient Aztecs of Southern Mexico, and still retain some of the peculiarities which Stevens and Prescott gave of their ancestors. Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co. employ a small army of them in digging Sarsaparilla root. Provided with a narrow spade, a coil of rope, and a bag of water, they are ready for the forest, where the wild banana furnishes them with food, and thick leaved trees their only shelter. Few of those who find themselves rejuvenated by this product know how much they are indebted to the toil of these humble laborers who dig health for thousands of Dr. Ayer's patrons, while they sometimes lose their own.—*Boston Commercial.*

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The body of Ben Slater, a man who was lost in the woods in Forkston, in this county, last spring, was found by John Boughton a few days since, in a deep forest, where he probably died from starvation and exposure. The deceased was an idiotic or feeble minded man, who, several months since, became violent, broke away from his keepers, and ran into the woods. A storm coming on shortly after, all traces of his course were lost. His fate has been a matter of conjecture until Mr. Boughton, on going to a pile of shingle blocks, cut by him in the early part of the winter, found the body lying near by.—*Wyoming Democrat.*

Again Escaped.—About 8 o'clock Thursday evening of last week, Joseph Brannon again succeeded in making his escape from the county jail. As most of our readers are perhaps aware, Brannon was convicted of adultery at the last December term of court, and sentenced to imprisonment for one year. About three months ago he, in connection with Oliver, managed to get out of jail, but did not remain absent many hours, owing to his feet having become frozen by walking without shoes. The last escape was managed with considerable boldness and shrewdness. During the day the female department had been cleaned by the male prisoners, and in the evening Brannon, instead of going to his cell, as was supposed by the jailor, secreted himself in the upper part of the female wing of the building. At the hour mentioned Mrs. Keys unlocked the door leading to the corridor of the female department for the purpose of admitting Alex. Blair, who is employed about the house, and who sleeps in that portion of the jail which is at present unoccupied. The moment Blair stepped into the corridor, and before the door could be relocked, Brannon, who was standing in the immediate vicinity, sprang forward, pushed Blair aside, rushed through the opening, severely jostling Mrs. Keys, passed over the outer wall into Bean street and before any active pursuit could be instituted was so far distant that nothing has yet been heard of him by the authorities. He is an exceedingly bad man, and if his present escape should result in his remaining permanently away from our county it may turn out to be the best thing that could have occurred. We do not know whether any active exertions are being made for his capture or not.—*Washington Examiner.*

Taylor's Monument.—We need scarcely say to our readers that in our quiet town this is the eventful week of the year. At the Annual sermon by Rev. Mills, we shall look for a feast and we have a critical notice of the concert from a correspondent, which will appear next week, we will confine this notice to other exercises.

Of the examinations we have heard only commencement. The arrangement was certainly excellent; printed programmes of each day being placed in the hands of each one, and the Recitations being interspersed with music and essays and papers which would have been well received at any entertainment.

The Annual Address by Rev. Wythe of New Castle was appropriate in matter, chaste in composition and forcible in its delivery. We understand a copy has been asked for publication. The educational address on Thursday afternoon delivered by the Rev. Dr. Dempsey fully sustained the Dr's. reputation as a logical thinker, a forcible reasoner and an instructive and interesting lecturer. His plea for an additional building for the Seminary it is to be hoped will be listened to by our capitalists in this vicinity and the friends of the school abroad. We understand that a gentleman present pledges a thousand dollars for the accomplishment of that object whenever the citizens are prepared to move for the accomplishment of so desirable an object.

The Commencement Exercises Thursday evening were of a high order both in the matter of the essays and in the manner in which they were read. The following are the titles of the essays and names of the graduating class to review which separately we have not space.

Genius *vs.* Common sense—Irone Barr, Brownsville, Pa. Wherefore do we live—Clara Robinson, Academia, Pa. Behind the Cloud the Sun is still shining—Emma Noble, Beaver Falls, Pa. Little Things—Jole Dravo, Beaver, He builds too low for happiness, who builds beneath the skies—Ada Critchlow, New Brighton. The earth is beautiful—Ella Clarke, New Castle. More Beyond, with Valedictory Addresses—by Mira Rono, New Brighton.

The class presented a fine appearance and were highly commended by the Principal in some impromptu remarks which were called forth by the unexpected presentation of a massive silver pitcher with goblets by the Rev. Mr. Lowry in behalf of the class in his own felicitious manner. This episode occurred at the end of the First Part and had been so well arranged that it was a complete surprise to the esteemed principal. In the course of these remarks Prof. Taylor stated that this was his Tenth Commencement in Beaver, and those of us who remember the condition of the building and grounds then, who compare its course with the present high rank it holds in the scholarship of its graduates—its musical advantages greatly superior to those of any other institution outside of the great cities, and fully equal to theirs, its wide spread reputation, and the ardent aim of all connected with its management to excel in their several departments we have reason to believe that Prof. Taylor has not been idle these ten years.

He has been a man of one work, refusing more honored and lucrative positions elsewhere he seems determined to make the upbuilding of the Institution his life work. May those who have means, aid him in securing ampler accommodations for those who crowd here for instruction. We learn that the Prof. visits the East during the vacation for the purpose of observing Institutions of learning that he may devise the best possible plan for the enlargement.

The reception, given after the exercises at the Church, was very large and a very pleasant affair. We ought to add that the new Chickering Grand added much to the perfection of the music for the occasion, which was of the highest order.

It is certain that we but speak the sentiments of all who have attended these exercises, that they have been most pleasant and of a very high degree of excellence; and that they have never been surpassed, if ever equalled, all things considered. May the Seminary have an auspicious opening September 14th 1869.

Mr. Joseph Rickert, of Pymatuning tp., lost his life on Saturday week last, doubtless by the accidental discharge of a rifle that he was carrying.—Immediately before his dinner hour he took his gun for the purpose of visiting a corn field that was infested by ground squirrels, and not returning when expected, some of the family an hour or so afterwards proceeded to look for him. His lifeless body was found beyond a fence that he must have crossed, a bullet hole in the forehead, and the discharged gun lying near him.—*Mercer Dispatch.*

The receipts of the Titusville strawberry and floral festival, for the benefit of the M. E. Church, were $351. Miss Mary E. Bligh, for her services in the choir, was presented with a gold watch, chain and charms, and Rev. W. P. Bignell with a purse of $100.

A little girl living in Troy township, Ashland county, Ohio, was fatally injured while out in the hail storm of Wednesday afternoon, the 28th ult. An old man who happened to be out in it had his hands and knuckles badly skinned trying in to protect his head.

The amount of attention bestowed upon the human hair is something marvelous to contemplate. Poets have made it the burden of many a sweet refrain, and blooming maidens of many anxious thoughts and sleepless nights, ran into the woods. A storm coming on shortly after, all traces of his course were lost. His fate has been a matter of conjecture until Mr. Boughton, on going to a pile of shingle blocks, cut by him in the early part of the winter, found the body lying near by.—*Wyoming Democrat.*

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An Excellent White Wash.—Get sixteen pounds of Paris white, which can be had at any paint store for three cents per pound retail. To this quantity, add one half pound of white transparent glue, which will cost twenty-five cents. The sixteen pounds of Paris white is as much as a person will use in a day. The glue is covered over with cold water at night—in the morning is carefully heated until dissolved. The Paris white is stirred in with hot water to give it the proper consistency for applying to walls; and the dissolved glue is then added and thoroughly mixed. Then apply in the ordinary way. A very dark wall requires two coats. It is nearly equal in brilliancy to zinc white, a much more expensive article.

The Palm of Superiority is awarded to Mrs. S. A. Allen for her improved (new style) Hair Restorer or Dressing, (in one bottle,) and a grateful public appreciates the very low price, One Dollar. Every Druggist sells it. (jy1;4w.

Sheep and Wool.—The Agricultural Commissioner, Judge Capron, in his last report talks thus about sheep and wool:

"Wool-growers, whose fears have overcome their judgment, and caused the depreciation of their flocks or the abandonment of their business, will ere long regret their hasty action. Already a reaction has commenced; prices of wool are stiffening, and the value of sheep is slightly advancing. If there is no legislative interference with the growth or manufacture of wool, a better day will soon dawn, and the time will prove auspicious for enlarging rather than abandoning the production of wool."

Mail change.—We are glad to learn that a change has been made in the carrying of the mail to and from Beaver to Black Hawk. The mail leaves Beaver for Black Hawk now on Friday instead of on Monday as heretofore, and returns on Saturday instead of Tuesday. This will be quite an accommodation for the people of Ohio township.

The Democratic Convention.—The Democrats of this county held their nominating Convention in the Court House in this place on last Monday. It was the stormiest gathering of the kind we ever witnessed. The Wilson and Kuhn wings of the party fought each other nearly to the death. The following is the ticket nominated:

Senate—Samuel Rigger.
Assembly—Wm. Davidson, W. B. Dunlap.
Sheriff—John Graebing.
Register and Recorder—John Hall.
Clerk of Courts—H. M. Donahoo.
Treasurer—C. R. Hurst.
Commissioner—Joseph Funkhouser.
Poor House Director—David Kennedy.
Auditor—Thos. Russell.

The contest for Sheriff was somewhat animated between John Graebing and a one-armed soldier named Newton. The loss of his right arm in the service of his country lost the latter the nomination. That kind of a candidate the Democracy did not want, hence Graebing's success. We shall take occasion to refer to the convention and the ticket nominated at some future time.

Parham Sewing Machine, the most perfect, simple and reliable lock stich Machine ever invented. H. Millinger, Agent. Office 61 Wood St., Pittsburgh. Resident agents wanted. 1m

G. A. R.—A festival will be given in the Court House yard on Friday evening July 9th, under the auspices of Post 99, G. A. R. for the benefit of destitute soldiers, and widows and orphans. All are respectfully invited to be present. By order of Com.

Beaver Ladies Seminary.—Owing to our absence from home at the time, no mention was made in the Argus of the closing exercises in the Beaver Ladies Seminary, of which Rev. D. H. A. McLean is principal. The closing exercises occurred on Thursday evening June 24th, in the U. P. Church of this place. We understand the occasion attracted a large crowd, and everything connected with the exercises passed off satisfactorily to teachers, pupils and audience.

The following young ladies graduated on the evening referred to, viz; Miss Maud Imbrie, Miss Maggie Smith, Miss Katie Smith, Miss Ella, and Gertie McLean, Miss Rebecca Eakin, and Lottie Breckinridge. They were severally awarded diplomas by the principal in a few well chosen remarks. The term just closed was a prosperous one, and we learn incidentally that the future of the Beaver Ladies Seminary is flattering in the highest degree. Next session opens on Sept. 12th.

List of letters remaining in Beaver Post Office July 1st, 1869:

Mr. J. H. Roltz; Asa Belknap; Mr. Thomas J. Cross; Mr. Nelson Caughen; Daniel Davis, esq.; E. Greenfield; Miss Minnie C. Gordon; Miss Fanny V. Green; Mrs. George Hall; Mr. Jack, John or Sam King; Mr. F. McCilvy; Mr. John Spiken; Messrs. Wilson, Lee & co.; Miss Harriet Yurnsey.

M. A. McGAFFICK, P. M.

From the Pittsburgh Commercial, July 2d.

BEAVER AND WASHINGTON LEGISLATIVE NOMINEES.

They Pledge Themselves to Retrenchment and Reform

The Legislative Conferees of the District composed of the counties of Beaver and Washington, succeeded in nominating H. J. Vankirk, of Washington county, as the third candidate for the House of Representatives, the other two, Mr. Buffington and Dr. Shurlock, having been nominated on Wednesday. The Conference, previous to adjournment, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the candidates nominated by this Conference shall be and are hereby requested to vote for and urge the passage of a law to require the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to apply the balance of funds in the treasury, available for that purpose, to the purchase of the outstanding loan of the Commonwealth.

The nominees having been introduced, accepted the nomination and made the following remarks:

Gentlemen of the Representative Conference: I accept the nomination which you have tendered me; and I wish to say through you to the people of the twenty-sixth district of Pennsylvania, that I sought and obtained the nomination for the office of Assembly, with pure motives; and that I was not approached before the nomination in my own county, (Beaver) nor since it, by any person, or persons, in the interest of any man, for any place or position pertaining to the duties of the office.

I stand before the people a free man, with no pledges to redeem, because of having made none. But, gentlemen, I now endorse the resolution, and pledge myself, that if I am elected, to vote for and urge the passage of such a law as is indicated in the resolution, and while I may be the servant of the people of the district, you will always find me battling on the side of retrenchment and reform.

WM. C. SHURLOCK.

REMARKS OF MR. BUFFINGTON.

Gentlemen—Conferees:

I accept the nomination for Assembly which you have tendered me; and if elected will obey the instructions in the resolution which you have just adopted. In this resolution you but express the just demands of the Republican party for retrenchment and reform. It is my determination not only in this, but on all other questions of finance, to faithfully comply with those demands.

REMARKS OF MR. VAN KIRK.

Gentlemen of the Legislative Conference of the District composed of the Counties of Beaver and Washington:

In accepting the nomination as a candidate for the Legislature of the said district, I can assure you that I most heartily indorse the sentiments of the resolution which you have this day adopted, and if elected will favor the passage of such a law as is contemplated in the resolution, and will further state that I will cordially and earnestly support every measure in favor of retrenchment and reform.

After the adoption of the above resolution, and hearing the remarks of the nominees the Conference adjourned *sine die*.

Resolutions of Respect.—Whereas, The Almighty God hath, in His wise disposition of events, removed our highly esteemed and well beloved fellow member, Miss Lizzie Jenkins; and Whereas, It is becoming to give public expression to our sentiments in view of this sad providence; Therefore, be it

Resolved, That whilst we, the members of North Sewickley Literary Society, bow in humility to the will of our Heavenly Father, we mourn the loss of one who, as a student was always affectionate and kind—as a friend was respected and admired—as a lady she possessed all those rare qualities so essentially necessary, endearing herself to all her school mates by her uniform kindness and superior manners and standing.

Resolved, That we will cherish a livelremembrance of her social qualities, and honorable bearing to her fellow students, and endeavor to emulate those virtues which, during her sojourn among us, challenged our admiration.

Resolved, That while we submit in humility to the Father's will, nevertheless we feel our hearts sorrowful and in earnest sympathy with the relatives and friends of the deceased.

Resolved, That we, as a society and individual members thereof, feel ourselves admonished by this decease to be also ready.

Resolved, That, as a token of respect, these resolutions be published in the New Castle *Gazette* and the Beaver Argus, and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased.

D. W. C. HERVEY, President.
WILL SIMPSON, Secretary.

List of letters remaining uncalled for in the Post Office at Rochester, Pa., July 1st, 1869:

Miss Jennie Brooks; Nancy Betters; Mrs. Charles Booth; David Barry; Moses Cunninghain; John Cooper, 2; Mrs. Caroline Cayy; S. B. Cochran; Wm. Cox; Morgan Day; Isaiah Forbes; C. F. Farren; George Hinshilwood, 2; J. Holler; George Heiners; Mrs. Sadie Johnston; Wils. Logan; Harvey McCreary; Thos. Mumford; Mrs. Nancy McWilliams; Miss Mollie C. McGrow; Miss Lsellia V. Moroland; Miss Miriam C. Nicholson; Newell & Turpin; Miss Susan O'Dwyer; Oalvin Robinson; Henry H. Seibert; Joseph Sprout; Earnest Frautveller.

T. M. TAYLOR, P. M.

Correspondence.

For the Beaver Argus.

Mr. Editor,—The Committee of the Soldier's Orphans for Beaver County, desire to give public expression to the gratification afforded them upon a recent visit to the Orphan's School, at Phillipsburg, under the superintendence of Rev. W. G. Taylor. A close examination of the different apartments of the building, brought us to the conclusion that everything was kept in a systematic, cleanly and orderly condition, and everything practicable resorted to that was deemed to be conductive to the health and comfort of the lonely ones placed under his care. The school at present numbers 125—15 having been discharged during the last quarter, by reason of the expiration of the respective terms for which they were admitted. The pupils appear to be making fair advancement in their studies, under the guidance of faithful and experienced teachers. We were pleased to see the children of both sexes looking healthy and cheerful, and seemingly well contented and happy; and were gratified to learn that not a single death has ever occurred in the institution—that no prevailing disease has ever broken out, and that no case of serious illness at present exists. These gratifying facts we attribute to a kind Providence, to the substantial nature of the food used, to well ventilated sleeping apartments, and to the regularity of the hours and habits rigidly enjoined and enforced.

In conclusion, we cannot but express the conviction that Mr. Taylor and his amiable wife and daughters, seem peculiarly fitted for the arduous and responsible positions to which they have been called, and from our observation, we have no hesitation in giving it as our own opinion, that they are unremitting in their efforts to care for the bodily wants, and the mental and spiritual interests of those entrusted to their keeping.

M. WEYAND,
J. C. WILSON,
MRS. ELLA ORR
" S. H. A. MINIS,
} Com'tee.

HANOVER June 25, 1869.

Editor Argus—Having spent two days, the 16th and 17th of this month, at the village of Clinton, in Allegheny county, witnessing the closing exercises of the spring term of the Clinton select school, taught by Messrs. Irons and Veasey, both of Beaver county, I thought a brief notice of said school, perhaps, would be interesting to your readers, especially as a good number of the students were from this county. The school was opened the latter part of March with Prof. J. D. Irons principal and Mr. John H. Veasey assistant. Mr. Irons is a graduate of Wilmington, is a good scholar, and possesses fine administrative abilities. His associate, Mr. Veasey, is an experienced and successful teacher. Fifty-two students were in attendance, and during the examination, the committee, (Rev. Hunter and Dr. Easton of Allegheny, Joseph Bell, esq., of Washington, and J. Whitham of Beaver county,) heard recitations in Orthography, Reading, Descriptive Geography, Physical Geography, English Grammar, Arithmetic, both mental and written, Elementary and Higher Algebra, Geometry, and in the Languages.

The recitations were creditable to both pupils and teachers, showing earnestness in the work. The exercises were not "cut and dried" for the occasion, as is sometimes the case, but consisted of a review of the work done during the past term. In both the English and the Classical department thoroughness is a characteristic of this school, and it offers to young persons an admirable opportunity for qualifying themselves for teaching in our common schools or for preparing to enter college. J. W.

Married.

CARTER—BARBOUR—On June 22d, 1869, by Rev. Joseph Hollingshead, Mr. Wm. D. Carter, of Rochester, to Miss Mary A. Barbour, of Bridgewater.

MILLS—TOWNSEND—June 24th, at the residence of the bride's mother, by Rev. Jas. R. Mills, Harvey H. Mills, esq., and Miss Lydia M. Townsend, all of New Brighton.

KELLS—MONROE—On Wednesday, June 30th, at the National Hotel, Beaver, by Rev. D. P. Lowary, Louis Kells, M. D., to Miss Emma J. Monroe, all of Steubenville, Ohio.

Died.

EAKIN—On June 29th, 1869, at his residence in Brighton township, Beaver county, Pa., Richey Eakin, Esq., aged 61 years.

GRAHAM—On June 20th, 1869, of consumption, James Graham, of Rochester, aged 59 years.

Markets.

PITTSBURGH MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE PITTS. GAZETTE, }
MONDAY, July 5, 1869. }

BUTTER—Is in pretty good supply and the market is quiet and unchanged; sales of good to prime at 22@25 cts.

BEANS—Dull at $2@2.25.

CHEESE—Is dull and in good supply and unchanged; quotations may be given at 15@16 for Common Western Reserve; 17@18 for Factory and 19@20 for Goshen.

DRIED FRUIT—Is very dull, and to use a common expression, about "played out" for this season. Holders are anxious to realize and there are no established quotations.

EGGS—Unchanged at 18c.

FEATHERS—Supply in hands of commission men almost exhausted.—Live geese may be quoted at 85@90, to the trade, and $1 in a retail way.

FLOUR—Is firm, though the demand has not improved much, and prices are relatively lower here than in the west. We continue to quote at $6@6.50 for Spring Wheat brands, and $7@7.50 for Winter, as to quality.

GRAIN—Wheat is in limited supply and firmer, and compared with last week prices are higher; we now quote at $1.30@1.35 for Red, as to quality.—Corn is in rather better demand and higher; sales of mixed at 74@75, and yellow at 80@83. Oats a shade stronger though as yet unchanged; may be quoted at 65@66 on track and 68@70 in store. Rye also is in better demand and higher, with sales at $1.15@1.18, and quotations may be given fairly at $1.15@1.20. Nothing doing in Barley.

HAY—Sales at Allegheny Scales of 42 loads at $21@25 for old, and $21 for new.

To Consumptives.

The advertiser having been restored to health in a few weeks, by a very simple remedy, after having suffered several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease, Consumption, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure.

To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used (free of charge), with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, etc. The object of the advertiser in sending the Prescription is to benefit the afflicted, and spread information which he conceives to be invaluable; and he hopes every sufferer will try his remedy, as it will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing. Parties wishing the prescription will please address

REV. EDWARD A. WILSON,
Williamsburg, Kings Co., New York.

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Errors of Youth.

A GENTLEMAN who suffered for years from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, and all the effects of youthful indiscretion, will, for the sake of suffering humanity, send free to all who need it, the receipt and directions for making the simple remedy by which he was cured. Sufferers wishing to profit by the advertiser's experience, can do so by addressing, in perfect confidence,

JOHN B. OGDEN,
No. 42 Cedar street, New York

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New Advertisements.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY Virtue of sundry Writs of Venditioni Exponas issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of the county of Beaver and to me directed, will be exposed to public sale at the Court House in the Borough of Beaver, Beaver county, Pa., on Saturday the 24th day of July, 1869, at ten o'clock a. m., the following property to wit:

All the right, title, interest and claim of defendants of in and to the following piece or parcel of land situate in North Sewickley township, Beaver county, Pa., bounded and described as follows, to wit: North by James Harris, East and South by John Wiley, West by James Ramsey; containing 28 acres more or less, 22 acres cleared and under fence, on which is erected a log house and log barn; frult trees on the premises.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Thomas Jenkins & William Jenkins, at the suit of Wm. Smith, administrator of George Smith, deceased.

ALSO.

All the right, title, interest and claim of defendant of in and to the following house and lot in the borough of Glasgow, Beaver county, Pa., bounded North by an alley, East by other property of defendant, South by Front or Water street, West by an alley; on which a frame dwelling house two stories high, containing 14 rooms; a producing oil well on the lot; and all necessary out buildings; cellar underneath building. Seized and taken in execution as the property of C. W. Hill, at the suit of James Schaup.

JOHN S. LITTELL, *Sheriff*.
Sheriff's Office, Beaver, July 5, 1869. [*Ind. copy*

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary having been granted to the undersigned on the estate of Martha E. Erwin, deceased, late of Hopewell township, Beaver county, Pa., all persons indebted to said estate are notified to make immediate payment; and all persons having claims against said estate will present them duly authenticated for settlement to

JAMES IRONS, *Ex'r.*
jy2;6w]

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphan's Court of Beaver county. In the matter of the estate of Adam Gormley, Esq., deceased, who was Administrator or Executor of the estate of David Grove and Nancy Grove, dec'd.

And now, to wit: June 24, 1869, on motion of John H. Young, Esq., the Court appoint Joseph H. Cunningham, Esq., an Auditor to distribute funds of the estate of the said David Grove and Nancy Grove, dec'd., now in the hands of Peter B. Young Administrator of the estate of Adam Gormley, dec'd, who was Administrator as aforesaid. From the Record. Attest—

JOHN S. FRAZIER, *Clerk*.

The Auditor will meet the parties in interest in the above matter at his office in Beaver, on Saturday July 24th, 1869, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 12 o'clock, m., where they can attend if they see proper.

jy7;4w J. H. CUNNINGHAM, *Auditor*.

FOREIGN ATTACHMENT.

JOHN H. BOYTS & WILLIAM N. OGDEN, partners, doing business as Boyts & Ogden, vs Henderson C. Hill.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver county, No. 57, Nov. T. 1868. Foreign Attachment in Assumpsit. Plaintiffs claim a balance on book account for goods sold and delivered and interest thereon, $577.33. June 16 1869, judgment against defendant. June 28 1869, Rule on the Prothonotary to assess the damages according to the affidavit of claim having been filed. Notice is Hereby Given that the Prothonotary of the said Court will between the Plaintiffs' Attorneys, at his office in Beaver, on Thursday the 5th day of Au gust, 1869, at 9 o'clock, p. m.

JOHN CAUGHEY, *Pro'y*
jy2;6w

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—In the Orphans' Court of Beaver county. In the matter of the balance in the hands of S. Magaw, Esq., administrator of the estate of Hornio N. Kennedy, dec'd. On motion, the Court appoint W. J. Morlan, Esq. Auditor to distribute said balance to and among those legally entitled thereto.

JOHN A. FRAZIER, Clerk of O. C.

I will attend to the duties of my above appointment at my office in New Brighton, on the 16th day of July 1869, at 9 o'clock, a. m., when and where all persons interested may attend if they see proper W. S. MORLAN, Auditor.

jy2;3w

JOS. HORNE & CO.

77 & 79 MARKET ST.,

PITTSBURGH, Pa.

Would invite the attention of Dealers to their Large and Choice Assortment of Goods, embracing:

Straw Bonnets and Hats.
Ribbons and Flowers,
Millinery Goods.
Trimmings,
Embroideries,
Seasonable Underwear,
Parasols and Sun Umbrellas.

Hosiery and Gloves,
Suspenders, Shirts,
Ties, Furnishing goods,
White Goods,
Paper Goods,
Fancy Goods,
And Notions.

Stock kept up

A HERO OF WATERLOO.

On the [illegible] 1815, was [illegible] forever on the Battle of Waterloo. By whose courage on that day the battle was won is according to the military critics, there was [illegible] surprise on both sides. The [illegible] side by skill, the superiority in numbers deciding the contest. [illegible] frustrated and paralyzed [illegible] Wellington that he had to face for the first time, the mightiest man the world had for centuries seen; and perhaps Napoleon began the awful conflict like a dispirited gambler, who has no longer faith in his own sagacity, adroitness and fortune. If the Duke of Wellington and the Emperor Napoleon might have done better at the battle of Waterloo, the same thing cannot be said of Hundsfott Saudistel, whose achievements have hitherto been buried among heaps of German lumber, from which we now propose to disinter them for the entertainment and edification of the reader.

In 1816, while William I., of Hesse Cassel, was still busy with his military and other reforms, one of his ministers received the following letter from England:

"A brave man, a valiant Elector of Hesse, serving in the English army as a member of the German Legion, and as an artillerynan, saved at the battle of Waterloo in English battery. All the artillerymen had been shot down, and a French regiment of cuirassiers rushed on the battery with the wildest fury. The valiant man, who, unassisted, had loaded all the pieces with grapeshot, fearlessly seized the match, and with the rapidity of lightning hurled the whole fire of the battery at the approaching horsemen. So frightful was the slaughter that the regiment broke and fled. Hereby the English grenadiers gained time to secure the battery which had been defended by the intrepidity of a single man. England delights in being grateful, but on this occasion was unable to recompense adequately, or at all, a distinguished service. The German Legion was dissolved, and the gallant artillerymanwas forgotten. But when the army reports were perused afresh, the grievous neglect was at once discovered. It has become an urgent duty to atone for the oversight. We very respectfully therefore request you to make inquiries for the man, whose name is Hundsfott Saudistel, and who is doubtless, from his high character and notable achievements, known to many persons. The large gold war medal, and a suitable sum of money, we wish to place in his hands without delay, in recognition of the bold and famous feat."

Not small was the astonishment caused in Cassel by this epistle. Such excessive modesty had never been heard of before. A man of a rare stamp must this Hessian hero be. Diligent search had to be made for the warrior, who would no doubt blush for his own renown, as soon as a whisper thereof reached his ear. It seemed almost cruelty to disturb the philosiphier in his profound retirement. Yet a descendant of George II. could not treat disdainfully a request coming from the chiefs of the English military administration.

A letter was therefore dispatched to every district magistrate of Hesse Cassel Minute and persevering investigation was earnestly urged. If the Great Unknown, who was likewise the Great Taciturn, was still alive, he could not fail to be discovered when so many eyes were with hunger spying for the trace of his footsteps. But every district magistrate, the more he darted fussily hither and thither, and looked into all sorts of corners, the more he was doomed to disappointment. Manifestly the illustrious Saudistel had vanished from the earth.

At last an Amtmann, more fortunate than his brethren, found in a village on the extreme frontier of the mighty realm of Hesse Cassel, a hermit who was called Saudistel, and who might be presumed to be the missing artillerynan, the soldier who had been in the English service, and who, by one grand deed, had made himself immortal.

It is seldom that a district magistrate can render himself great by coming in contact with greatness. We can pardon, therefore, our Amtmann for shouting a loud shout of victory.

In hot haste, the Amtmann fled at the hermit a whole battery of interogations. The hermit was shrivelled, and might have had some claims to good looks; but his nose had a suspicious tinge, a coppery red which is not generally supposed to be the best embellishment for noses. As a rule, it cannot be called a water color, for it never arises from the exclusive drinking of water.

The letter to be a hermit, Herr Saudistel had changed his mode of life. He had never been fond of work, and war had not made him fonder thereof. Ceasing to be the slave of the war god Mars, Herr Saudistel undertook the humble and by no means onerous duties of swineherd.

"What can I do to serve you, excellent Herr Amtmann?" asked the valiant swineherd, with speech not so thick, and with nose not so coppery as usual, as it was early in the day.

"Sit down," said graciously, the self-important magistrate, "and answer me clearly, correctly and honestly. Have you ever served as a soldier under the English?"

"Certainley I have, Herr Amtmann," was the reply.

"How did you come into the British service?"

Herr Saudistel shrugged his shoulders, and with the ease of a soldier who had seen the world, he began his narrative:

"You must know, Herr Amtmann, that I was one of the conscripts sent from Hesse Cassel to join the French army in Spain. In that fine country there were blue beans in abundance, but they were not good for eating, and a soldier who would get one of them into his stomach immediately lost his his appetite, and could never drink any more schnapps. I was fond neither of the blue beans, nor of the French, and as I heard that the English had landed, and had a benevolent desire to show us the way back to the frightfully high mountains we had crossed when we entered Spain, I felt a strong desire to aid them in their kind attempt, and to pay my ransom, if I may be permitted to use our customary phrase."

"That is to say, you wanted to desert," cried the magistrate, with a smile.

"If the expression pleases you better, by all means use it," proceeded Saudistel.

"But we had good cause for wanting to be off, I can assure you. The English had plenty to eat and drink, while we suffered bitter hunger and thirst. Even water was not to be had; for though I never liked water, I would willingly have swallowed it in the absence of anything else. The red coats, pressing forever on, drove us nearer and nearer to the high mountains; and worse still, the fierce Spanish guerrilla troops, bursting from height and glen, were continually attacking us. All this was not to my taste, I confess; nothing but blue beans to eat, and not even water to drink. Once, when the English were treading on our heels, I pretended to be rather more stupid than I am, and allowed myself to fall into their hands. If this pleased them much, it pleased me more, for I immediately entered the German Legion, ceased to hear and to gabble French, and got enough to eat and drink, though blue beans were with the English as well as the French, an article of diet. The English had two kind of schnapps—both most excellent. They had a schnapps called rum, and a schnapps called whisky, and it was pleasant to be able to choose between two such beverages. We drove the French before us at the battle of Vittoria, and I marched to Paris, and when peace arrived, I went to England. There I remained till Napoleon ran away from Elba. By and by I found myself at Brussels. My career as a soldier came to an end at the battle of Waterloo. About that bloody affair you have doubtless heard enough, and I shudder when I recall it, with all its noise and confusion and havoc."

"I am a man of honor, and I wish to conceal nothing from you» Therefore I frankly confess that in all my life I never possessed an excessive, or inconvenient amount of courage. If I was an artillerynan, it was from necessity and not from love of the occupation. At being ordered hither and thither, without regard to my taste and feelings, I growled in my heart. The cannonades I detested; because apart from the horrible din, the enemy always rushed like a wolf on the batteries. As soon as matters at Waterloo grew ugly and dangerous, my very moderate stock of valor began to diminish. But I made some natural and wise reflections. In my pocket I had two English shillings. What so natural, or what so wise as that I should spend those two shillings with the woman who sold drinks, and one of whose best customers I was. If courage was possible for me at all, it was plain that I could only get it from the bottle. In the presence of peril, I was a person of the liveliest imagination, and uncomfortable thoughts commenced to throng upon me, especially as the earth trembled under my feet from the hideous crash of the artillery. It occurred to me that I should be an egregious fool to expose myself to the risk of being killed, and a greater fool still to let the French become the heirs of two shillings. Common sense demanded that I should change the money into rum, and accordingly into rum I speedily changed it. Inspired by two shillings worth of rum, I felt brave for the moment.—But drowsiness and a tendency of my legs to eccentric movements, made me believe that my illtest position was a horizontal one."

When then I returned to the battery, I threw myself down beside one of the guns, and lay as still as a stone. My comrades, perhaps, thought that a blug bean had got into my stomach; not one of them disturbed me. How long I slept, I know not, but when I awoke, the cannon balls were sweeping the face of the hill on which the battery stood. All my comrades had disappeared. Whether they had run or had been slain by the enemy, I knew not. But this I knew, that a French regiment of cuirassiers was dashing up toward the battery at full gallop.

"With much zeal I cursed in my soul the French rascals, and devoutly wished that they were in the fiery regions where pepper grows. But I had not much time for cursing. It was no joke to behold so near that awful on-rush of glittering breastplates and sabres. If taken and recognized, I was sure to be forthwith and without ceremony, shot. My own life seemed very valuable to me compared to the lives of hundreds of men. I sprang to a loaded cannon, pointed it and fired it off. When I saw the slaughter the grapeshot made, I shouted and danced in the exuberance of my glee. A second, a third gun, I pointed and fired off, and in swift succession the whole battery. Fortunately for me but not fortunately for the poor French fellows, every gun had been already loaded by busier hands than mine, ere I applied a single match. How the grapeshot mowed man and horse down, you can readily conceive, Herr Amtmann. The cuirassiers fell like snow flakes, and those who escaped danced right and left, from dust and smoke with all convenient speed.—Doubtless I was sayed as well as the battery. But how long? The shattered and scattered masses formed again for a fresh onset. With the celerity of the lightning or the wind, I cleaned the guns and loaded them anew. With eye all attention, and with hand all alertness, I was about to discharge them, when the English, in stormy mood, and with a steady step, came on, and seized the battery and the hill.

"Where are the other artillerymen?" asked the colonel of the regiment.

"I know not," I replied.

"Have you alone discharged the guns?" he further inquired.

Can you imagine a more stupid question, Herr Amtmann? The blockhead might have seen that no one else was near.

"Who else?" I said.

"And did you alone load the guns anew with grapeshot?"

"Who else?" cried I, much annoyed at being catechised in such a silly and schoolboy fashion.

"But the catechising was not yet at an end. I was requested to tell my name, and so on. The truth I avowed without distortion, or embellishment, or boasting, though with sound slight and pardonable suppressions. I neither spoke to the officer about the two shillings' worth of rum, nor of my profound slumber behind the cannon, nor of the hearty curses which I had yearned to fling at the French. The officer was neither an inquisitor nor a police agent, and, as he was not inclined to probe very keenly, I stated no more than was absolutely indispensable.

"Fervent and extravagant was the the officer's praise of my courage, resolution and skill.

"I must make Wellington acquainted with your wonderful achievements," he said in conclusion.

"You can do herein as you think proper," was my answer.

My comrades now came once more on the scene which they had quitted—not assuredly from any excess of courage. The stamp of the coward was upon them, and they would have had some difficulty in escaping the coward's doom if their services had not been urgently needed. The firing began again, for again the French advanced, but they encountered a fresh check; for I had given each of the guns a good bellyful of grapeshot. A very sour taste, indeed, had the grapes which I now made the French swallow. But who knows what the upshot would have been if the Prussians had not arrived?

By the aid of the Prussians we hurled the French from the field, and the battle was won. Once more I went to Paris, and once more to England. With much eagerness and impatience I waited to receive the reward of my vaunted bravery. But I waited in vain. I suppose there must have been some whisper about the two shillings' worth of rum. At all events I was dismissed very coolly—almost contemptuously—without either praise or money. If I had got the money, I could have dispensed with the praise. When I came home I found that our old elector had retired to his dominions. I had again to be a soldier, and, like my comrades, I wore a false pig tail, not having a natural one. On leaving the army I was appointed commandant of the swine in our village. This is in truth a military office, Herr Amtmann, but I cannot accustom the abominable brutes to obedience.—They disobey orders in the most insolent manner—and I sometimes console myself with a drop of good schnapps, especially since my sergeant major, my former dog, was shot dead for insolence to his master. To taste for the [illegible] human hatred, but the bullock-head of a sergeant major was of a different opinion.

The Amtmann laughed. "Herr Amtmann," continued the brave soldier, "can you have you come to guess for me?"

"Do not be alarmed," answered the Amtmann, "the conscience of the English has begun to prick them. They either know nothing about the rum, or have forgotten your fondness for schnapps. You are now to receive the reward of your valor."

The face of Herr Hundsfoot Saudistel grew bright and glad.

"But you must tell them nothing about the rum, Herr Amtmann," cried the swineherder, with sudden alarm.

The Amtmann promised to be silent. Forthwith he made his report of the discovery of the hero, absolving from all allusion to the rum. In a short time the Waterloo gold medal and a large sum of money were presented to the Military Guardian of the Swine.

Doubtless, as was natural, Herr Saudistel, aided by good rum, often recalled with glee and gratitude the famous battle, in which, with no small benefit to himself, he had so conspicuously figured.

Perchance sometimes, infinitely more notable men than the Hessian swineherd have deserved still less than he, the recompenses showered upon them for apparent heroism.

(From the Albany Commercial.)

Bloody Fight for a Wife.

A shooting affair took place at Anderson City last week, which has created great excitement among our citizens. One John Able, living in Dubois county, forty-five or fifty years old, came to Crawford county and married the daughter of Patrick Dewitt, some two years ago, the girl being about sixteen when married. After living together some to years, the wife became dissatisfied from some cause and left her husband.—Able, the husband, pursued her, and on going to her father's did not find her there. The father told him he would go with him to where his wife was, and if she was willing to go back and live with him, all right; but he was not willing harsh means should be used.

So they started, Able having procured Hampton Able, his brother, to help in this emergency. They proceeded to the house of Thomas Houston, in this town, and there found the wife. The family of Mr. Houston invited them in, and when they entered John Able solicited his wife to go home with him. She refused to go, saying she was afraid of her life. Able still coaxed, but the wife refused to go. Able then told her that he wanted to talk to her privately. They stepped outside the door. He talked to her privately for a while, and then caught and kissed her saying, "Now you will go, won't you?"

"No, I will not," she replied. Able then said, "I will take you, dead or alive."

Upon this she sprang into the door. Mrs. Houston caught hold of her. Able dragged them both out of the house into the yard. Upon this Patrick Dewitt, the father of the wife, told Able to let her alone. Able drew his revolver on Dewitt and snapped it at him. Dewitt knocked him down. Able got up and was again knocked down by Dewitt. They had quite a scuffle, when Able called to his brother Hampton to take the wife and start with her. The brother seized her, dragging her, and she screamed for help. Able then got loose from Dewitt and started on a run to overtake Hampton and his wife, swearing and threatening her life at the same time. Dewitt procured a revolver from Houston's and overtook the two Able's trying to force his daughter upon a horse, and she resisted by pushing against the horse with her hands and feet.

Able seeing Dewitt coming told his brother to make haste and get away with his (Able's) wife, and he would fight Dewitt back, and on Dewitt approaching Able told him to stand or back he would blow his brains out, presenting his pistol at the same time and snapping the trigger. Dewitt drew his revolver and fired two shots at Able, and having one load left deliberately revolved the cylinder till the remaining load came under the hammer and again fired, one of the shots taking effect in Able's left arm near the elbow, the ball passing down and coming out near the hand, shattering one of the bones in a dreadful manner.

Dewitt then returned to the house and got a rifle, and overtook the three, John and Hampton Able and the wife, about a hundred yards from where he had left John. John was on the horse and Hampton had hold of the woman, trying to put her on the horse behind John. The woman at this time was completely saturated with blood from head to foot from the wound on her husbands arm.

Dewitt, on seeing Hampton having hold of his daughter, raised the rifle to his face and was just in the act of shooting him when he threw up his hands and told Dewitt not to shoot him and he would do anything he would tell him. Dewitt then said, "then d—n you, take to the brush or I will shoot you on the spot." Hampton then ran away. By this time John was off his horse and had hold of his wife again. "Now," said Dewitt, "I say John let her go." John swore that he would not, that he intended to take her or kill her. Dewitt raised the gun and drew a bead on John's breast, saying, "now this is the last time I'll tell you; let her go or I will shoot you. Able then relaxed his hold, got upon his horse and galloped away. Up to the latest accounts Able was in a precarious situation. He will lose his arm and perhaps his life.

The Battle field of Gettysburg.

A correspondent of the Boston *Traveller* has recently visited the battle field of Gettysburg, and writes as follows:

"On Seminary ridge the trees and fences are shattered and riddled, showing plainly how fierce was the contest where the fight began. Here we found two bullets, one driven into the other so far that they could not be pulled apart. The supposition is that a Union and a rebel sharpshooter aimed so accurately for each other, and fired at so near the same time, that the bullets met, and one being a little more dense than the other, pierced the one coming from the opposite direction. Both fell, of course, to the ground, and thus prevented the death of both the marksmen, which must have been the result had the bullets merely grazed each other.

"When we spoke of this curiosity at the hotel a whole army of the relic speculators wished to purchase it. Doubtless the sum we received for it was trebled when sold to the mementoseekers who frequent the town. These speculators do a thriving business in the relic line, and have everything to sell from a 100 pound shell to the smallest wares of the toy shop, all in some way connected with the battle.

"Canes cut from Culp's Hill or Little Round Top are for sale in many shop windows, and if the purchaser is a little incredulous, and inclined to doubt that the canes came from those places, they will march out with him, take any sapling he may select, and make it into a cane in a remarkable short space of time. This business has become one of great importance to Gettysburg, and it is proposed to introduce machinery for the manufacture of toys from the battle field wood.

"The traces which we found of the fight along the front of Hancock's and Sedgewick's line—except in the blasted peach orchard—were not very distinct, owing to the growing fields of grain and the repairs which have been put upon the few farm houses. But the graves of the rebel dead are there, dotting the fields for miles around. In one or two places the bones were sticking out, but generally their graves were covered with clover, and had none of that barbarously neglected appearance they have in the South.

"At Little Round Top, the bullet scars are still visible on the rocks, while several large flat stones near which officers were killed have been engraved with their names and the date of their death. The stone wall which the troops threw up as a breastwork is still entire and the trees have not yet outgrown their wounds."

—New York is receiving consignments of ripe peaches from Augusta, Ga.

—Young ladies should remember that West Point cadets receive a demerit for every button they give away from off their uniforms.

STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

Bess and Bertie are two dear, little twin girls of mine. I think them very cunning, of course, and I know of at least one other person who thinks so too. They can just toddle about, and what mischief one can't think of and get into, the other can. There are no stairs too steep for them to climb, and no holes too dark for them to poke their little noses into.

One day I chanced to leave the sink cupboard door ajar, and soon I found Bertie in calm content among the pots and kettle, inside, while Bess was doing her best to squeeze her wee, little self into the remaining space. Of course, it was just after I had washed and dressed them up as nicely as possible.

One sunny day I put them out in the front yard to play about on the green grass, and as the gate was shut fast, I imagined they could come to no harm. I was busy about the house, when I head a sound between a cry, a whine, and a squeal of vexation, and going to the door I found Bess sitting in the middle of the road, putting sand on her blessed, little, sunshiny head with both her fat, dimpled hands, while Bertie, was just under the gate, caught by her sash about her waist, and held fast, "in durance vile," as she evidently considered it, for her little face was red with vigorous efforts she was making to overcome the invisible obstacle to her progress.

Next I put them into the back yard, first making sure there were no gaps large enough for them to crawl through, and taking my knitting, sat down in the great, open barn door, where I could watch them. They ran up and down on the grass, and in and out of the door, and for awhile I had peace and security. But one can never feel quite secure when there are we, ones about. Especially if they become *very still indeed*. Then mothers may look out sharply, for there is mischief brewing somewhere.

There was a portentous stillness, and my thoughts were away off among the Alps, or somewhere, when I was aroused by a faint mewing from the barrel where I had hidden the two kittens, after enduring as long as I could to see them carried about by their heads, "pooreel" the wrong way, drawn back ward by their tails and otherwise maltreated and abused.

But what could the babies do to the kittens, in the barrel? Surely, they could not get at them there! I soon found out. There was a box of lime, half air slaked, in an obscure corner of the barn, and the little, sharp eyes had found it, and, standing on tiptoe, the little hands could just reach over the edge of the barrel. So they proceeded to "peed kitty." Patter, patter, went the small feet across the barn floor, and again and again handfuls of the lime were scattered in upon the poor kittens. Their poor little eyes were filled, and they were mewing piteously.

I caught them up, and tried to blow the lime away. But no, it stuck fast. Then I ran for some milk, to wash it out, pondering as I ran.

"Could I kill the little creatures?"

There was no one to do it but I, and, no doubt, it was the most merciful thing that could be done for them, for very likely their eyesight would be entirely destroyed. But my blood curdled and my knees grew weak at the thought of becoming their executioner. The innocent things that had always trusted me so! I dismissed the thought and ran on, determined to doctor them up as best I could.

By the time I got back, Bertie had got her limey fingers into her mouth, and was crying with the smart, and Bess had got hers into my knitting work, which she was unravelling at a great rate.

When I had given each a good bath, I took one on each knee, and sitting, down in the low rocking chair, I sang the Old German lullaby.

"Sleep, baby, sleep.
Thy father is watching his sheep,
Thy mother is shaking the dream-land tree,
And down falls a dream on thee,
Sleep, baby, sleep."

I think that is a sweet, little baby song, don't you? By the time it was finished, both babies had gone to dreamland; and I put them in their crib, and went to take a look at the kittens.

The poor, little eyes were closed, and it was many days before they could open them, but now they are quite well, and as merry as ever. There they go, heels over head, one rolling over the other, and both babies after them.—*Little Corporal.*

The Way they Talk in California.

Who is she? That beautiful woman whom you drove to the Cliff early last week, Mr. J. D. We saw you. We were there. You did not know us, among the scores who went to the beach to spend a pleasant afternoon; nor did we know you except by name. But we did know the fascinating woman—the syren—who shared the seat with you behind the coal black pair that spurned the dust of the level road, while your light heart went whirling along like a charmed bird fluttering helplessly toward the fangs of the sly and deadly serpent. You are a young man—barely twenty-five —O, we know you, J.D.; You were dressed in light-colored clothes, with a blue hat and black cravat; you wore two rings on your right hand, and a valuable stone sparkled on your shirt front. The "lady" was expensively attired (whose money bought the goods?) Diamonds shone on her white hand when we saw her glove removed at the——House. (Where did she get them? Whose gifts were they?) But those dimonds, young man, did not possess the brilliancy of the eyes—the magnetic eyes that have infatuated you—the eyes that gleam upon you with a strange mixture of passion and mystery—eyes that are alluring you, you know not whither! Poor fool! Do you think she would deign to waste a glance on you but for your riches? Beware! If you do not open your eyes to your danger, your riches may yet take wings—the wings of that imaginary dove—and fly away; and your wealthy father, who has, too soon, we fear, intrusted you with a large share in his establishment, may yet rest in the grave of a gray-haired pauper! Who is she We will tell you. In the town of H——, on the Atlantic side, a wealthy man was murdered, about six years ago, and his lacerated body thrown into a certain river. Suspicion at once fell on the young and handsome wife and one who was known to be her paramour. They were arrested and tried severally. Circumstantial evidence never pointed more unmistakably to the guilt of any one than to the guilt of these wretches. He was hung; but she, by far the more culpable, doubtless the chief instigator of the crime, was, through some accursed technicality of the law, acquitted. With the unblushing audacity of Satan himself, she laid claim to her share of her murdered man's estate, obtained it, removed from the scene of her crime, and journeyed—no one knew whither. But we saw her brazen but beautiful face in the prisoner's dock, and that face, young man, is the face that has been smiling on *you* of late. Her great crime has not troubled her immovable heart—has written no lines on her handsome face—the eyes have lost none of their brilliancy, but like the serpent to which they may be so aptly likened, have only increased with age in their deadly power; and, although *Thirty-one*—O, it is true!—she appears but three or four years older than yourself. Now, you know her, Mr. D. Go on if you choose; but when she has destroyed you, remember our warning and do not say that your fate is worse than folly deserved.—*Golden City.*

—Only three women grace, with their presence, the Vermont penitentiary.

Cost of a Woman.

Her beautiful luxuriant blonde hair is worth, if it be a wig, from fifty to two hundred dollars; if it be a switch, from ten to one hundred dollars; if it be in curls, from ten to fifty dollars.

Her pure white brow, her dark arched eyebrows, cost from four to fourteen dollars.

Her large and liquid eyes are worth one dollar.

Her white face and neck (when enameled) are procured at a price ranging from fifteen to thirty dollars.

The glowing rose and virgin lilly of her cheeks cost anyhow, with the various soaps, cosmetics, &c., five dollars.

Her faultless, gleaming ivories, false, cost her from twenty to two hundred dollars.

Her ruby lips are worth twenty-five cents.

Her round, plump cheeks, if plumpers, cost five dollars.

Her Grecian bend is worth anywhere from nothing to ten dollars.

Her plump arm, if padded, cost from nothing to three dollars.

Her fair white arm, if bare, cost from one to three dollars.

Her Italian hands and aristocratic nails are worth from two dollars upward.

Her corsets (therefore her waist) are worth from seventy-five cents to thirty dollars.

Her lips are rounded at a price from one dollar to six dollars and fifty cents.

Her delicious limbs, when in the shape of false calves, cost eight dollars and upward.

Her pretty little foot and ancle cost from seven to thirty dollars.

Her blotches, tongue-scrapers, neck, &c., are worth two dollars.

The total beauty, therefore, costs herself, or rather some man of the period, from about eighty-five to five hundred and fifty dollars and upward per occasion, just for her personal charms, entirely independent of dry goods and loves of bonnets.

An old bachelor says:

"Domestic love may be very sweet, but when I look at my brother's family it strikes me that it is also very dear.

"The complexion of a girl of the period differs from a railway season ticket—one is, and the other is not, transferable.

"Mistrust the woman who, when a glass of wine is spilt over her dress, smiles, and says it doesn't matter.

"Curious how this life resembles billiards—kisses and misses are generally found near together!

"A cramped waist generally betokens brains in a similar condition.

"When I look upon a party of young people I console myself with the tho't that, after all, my skull is as good-looking as any of theirs, and that's what it must resolve itself in at last!"

"Sam, did—did you (hic) see anything of my wife?"

"I have not the honor of knowing your wife, sir."

"Don't apologize, Sam, don't apo-apo-hic!—logize. It—its no honor, whatever. Didn't see her?"

"I did not."

"How do yer know yer didn't? She—she's as tall as a (hic) meeting house and flirred as a lamp post, and she wears a gingham umberrel-ler, and one eye out, and (hic) her nose was done up in a pair of specs. Didn't see her?"

"No, sir!" (emphatically.)

"That's all right, Sam, that's all right."

"M-m-merely asked frinfamashun. She, (hic) said she was going to join a soryory-sis, and if she does I mean to get stavin blind drunk."

Sam counselled the unfortunate Benedict to remain sober, and hastened on his way.

—There are seven reasons why farmers are healthier than professional men, viz:

1. They work more and develop all the leading muscles of the body.

2. They take their exercise in the open air, and breathe a greater amount of oxygen.

3 Their food and drinks are commonly less adulterated, and far more simple.

4. They do not overwork their brain as much as industrious professional men do.

5. They take their sleep commonly during the hours of darkness, and do not try to turn night into day.

6. They are not so ambitious, and do not wear themselves out so rapidly in the fierce contests of rivalry.

7. Their pleasures are simple and less exhausting.

The veteran New York editors are thus spoken of by a correspondent: "A great change in the journalism of New York during the next ten years. We count with an almost absolute certainty upon losing James Gordon Bennett, Mr. Bryant, Thurlow Weed and Mr. Greeley. If they are not actually beneath the sod, they have outlived their usefulness as journalists. Already there are those who think that Mr. Greeley's mind is failing. Mr. Bennett is so feeble that he seldom comes down to the office. Mr. Bryant is very aged, and Thurlow Weed has suspended all active labor H. J. Raymond is dead, at the age of forty-nine, leaving a vacancy that will be hard to fill.

The Infidel and the Quaker.—A skeptical young collegian confronted an old Quaker with the statement that he did not believe in the Bible. Said the Quaker.

"Does thee believe in France?"

"Yes; for, though I have not seen it, I have seen others who have, besides, there is plenty of proof that such a country does exist."

"Then thee will not believe anything thee or others has not seen?"

"No; to be sure I won't."

"Did thee ever see thy own brains?"

"No."

"Does thee believe thee has any?"

"Revenge is sweet," says the proverb. Different men have different ways of showing it. My friend Brown's way is harmless and humorous. Two Joneses live next door to each other, and having to call on one of them, Brown, of course, went to the wrong house. A crabbed servant answered the bell, and on Brown's asking, "Is this Mr. John Jones's?" she replied snappishly, as if she had been bothered with many such inquiries, "No he ain't," and slammed the door in his face Brown walked on a hundred yards or so, when a bright thought struck him. He returned at once and rung the same bell again. Again the crabbed servant appeared. "Who said it was?" asked Brown triumphantly, and instantly walked away.

The Government paper mill in Pennsylvania has, through the Treasurer agent stationed at the mill, forwarded the first lot of the new and improved greenback paper to the National and American Bank note Companies in New York. The paper is what is known as the French silk variety, and through its fibres run threads of red and blue colors. The first issue of the new money will probably be ready on the 1st of July. All the present issues of legal tenders and fractional currency notes will be called in as speedily as possible.

—The fine old Ingersol mansion, on Fourth street, Philadelphia, one of the finest relics of the old time grandeur of Philadelphia, has been torn down to make room for an elegant new building to contain some of the Pennsylvania Central Railroad's offices.

—There are 350,000 Roman Catholics in the Diocese of Massachusetts.

—No news yet from the United Kingdom, now seventy-three days out.

Railroads.

RAILROADS.

PITTS., FT. WAYNE & CHICAGO RAILWAY.

On and after May 9th, 1869, Trains will leave Stations daily, (Sundays excepted) as follows:

Fast Line, leaving Chicago at 8.30, P. M., leaves daily. [Trains leaving Pittsburgh at 2.10 P. M., leaves daily.]

TRAINS GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's
Pittsburgh	8.45AM	9.00AM	2.10PM	12.55AM
Rochester	9.00	9.00	2.35	2.05
Beaver	10.38	10.55PM	3.55	3.55
Alliance	11.35	11.5	4.55	5.05
Canton	12.37PM	1.38	6.37	6.37
Massillon	1.24	2.16	6.25	7.45
Orrville	1.53	2.38	7.08	8.08
Wooster	2.08	2.53	7.34	7.46
Mansfield	3.03	3.50	8.30	9.21
Crestline { A	4.45	5.30	10.00	10.45
Crestline { D	5.00AM	5.50	10.15	10.00
Bucyrus	5.30	6.25	10.41	10.35
Upper Sandusky	6.20	7.13	11.16	11.07
Forest	6.53	7.37	11.45	11.37
Lima	9.10	9.50	1.55AM	12.25PM
Van Wert	10.27	10.56	3.27	2.37
Fort Wayne	12.01PM	1.40	5.00	4.35
Columbia	12.57	12.37AM	5.57	5.33
Warsaw	1.50	1.35	6.45	6.17
Plymouth	2.50	2.25	7.55	7.59
Valparaiso	4.30	4.11	9.33	9.23
Chicago	6.30	6.30	9.30	9.30

TRAINS GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Exp's.	Ex P
Chicago	8.30AM	8.40PM	3.55PM	4.50AM
Valparaiso	10.22	10.32	7.36	6.55
Plymouth	11.25	11.54	9.15	8.00
Warsaw	12.20PM	12.46	10.05	8.57
Columbia	1.27	1.35AM	10.46	9.20
Fort Wayne	2.55	3.20	1.30	1.01PM
Van Wert	4.26	5.09	2.59AM	2.37
Lima	5.54	6.40	4.22	3.40
Forest	6.28	7.16	5.33	4.18
Upper Sandusky	7.18	8.10	6.25	5.51
Bucyrus	7.55	8.59	7.24	6.44
Crestline { A	8.30	9.30	8.00	7.15
Crestline { D	8.40	9.40	8.15	7.30PM
Mansfield	9.08	10.13	8.45	8.02
Wooster	9.56	10.53	9.30	8.55
Orrville	10.07	11.22	9.48	9.20
Massillon	10.40	12.06	10.18	9.50
Canton	11.17	12.45	10.54	10.35
Alliance	12.10	1.15PM	11.35	11.20
Salem	1.00	1.53	12.05	12.00
Rochester	1.45AM	2.50	12.45	12.55
Pittsburgh	3.45	4.50	1.30	2.35

Youngstown, New Castle and Erie Express leaves Youngstown at 2.30 p. m; New Castle, 3.05 p.m; arrives at Pittsburgh, 8.45 p. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh 7.15 a. m; arr. at Youngstown, 10.40. N. Castle, 9.30 a. m.

Youngstown, New Castle and Pittsburgh Accommodation leaves Youngstown, 6.30 a. m; New Castle, 7.30 a. m; arrives at Allegheny, 10.10 a. m. Returning, leaves Pittsburgh, 4.30 p. m; arrives New Castle 7.05 p. m; Youngstown, 7.50 p. m.

J. M. KIMBALL, *General Ticket Agent.*

CLEVELAND & PITTSBURGH RAILROAD.

On and after May 10th 1869, trains will leave Stations daily (Sundays excepted) as follows.

GOING SOUTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	.....	Accom
Cleveland	8.30AM	1.00PM	.....	3.35PM
Euclid Street	8.41	1.11	.....	3.46
Hudson	9.45	1.04	.....	4.48
Ravenna	10.19	3.13	.....	5.20
Alliance	11.15	4.12	.....	6.15
Bayard	11.47	4.38	.....	.....
Wellsville	1.20PM	5.53	.....	.....

GOING NORTH.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	.....	Accom
Wellsville	8.35AM	3.50PM	.....	.....
Bayard	10.10	5.08	.....	.....
Alliance	11.15	6.05	.....	7.40AM
Ravenna	12.00PM	6.10	.....	8.30
Hudson	1.34	6.36	.....	9.11
Euclid Street	2.36	7.19	.....	10.11
Cleveland	2.50	7.30	.....	10.25

GOING EAST.

STATIONS.	Exp's	*	Mail.	Accom
Bellair	5.45AM	7.50AM	1.50PM	6.20PM
Bridgeport	6.55	8.40	3.0	7.00
Steubenville	7.00	11.30	3.05	6.30
Wellsville	8.15	1.40PM	4.35	.....
Smith's Ferry	8.40	2.01	4.57	.....
Beaver	.....	.....	.....	.....
Rochester	9.25	2.35	5.35	.....
Pittsburgh	10.35	3.40	6.40	.....

GOING WEST.

STATIONS.	Mail.	Exp's.	Exp's.	.....
Pittsburgh	6.00AM	1.55PM	6.35PM	.....
Rochester	7.10	3.25	8.40	.....
Beaver	.....	4.00	9.00	.....
Smith's Ferry	7.24	4.24	9.30	.....
Wellsville	8.30	5.13	10.30	7.05AM
Steubenville	9.21	5.15	.....	8.30
Bridgeport	10.00	6.35	.....	8.30
Bellair	10.50	6.35	.....	8.30

* This is a mixed train to Wellsville and an express train from Wellsville to Pittsburgh.

TUSCARAWAS BRANCH.

Leaves	Arrives
Na Philadelphia, 6.20 a. m.	Bayard, 9.35 a.m.
Bayard, 1.10 p.m.	N. Philadelphia, 4.00 p.m

J. H. KIMBALL General Ticket Agent.

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FOREIGN ATTACHMENT.

Joseph Hall, vs. B. B. Hacock, T. C. Hacock, G. C. Hacock, D. C. Kemmon, Henderson C. Hall, Rev. Wm. M'Clure & M. M'Clure his wife, as Iuca Oil Company.

In the Court of Common Pleas of Beaver county, No. 104, September T. 1868. Foreign Attachment in Assumpsit. Plaintiff claims a balance of book account for work done and money expended for Defendants amounting to $846.33. June 16, 1869, judgment against Defendants. June 23, 1869 Rule on Prothonotary to assess the damage according to law. Affidavit of claim having been filed, notice is hereby given that the Prothonotary of the said Court will assess the Plaintiff's damages, at his office in Beaver, on Thursday the 5th day of August, 1869, at 2 o'clock, p. m.

jc23:6w] JOHN CAUGHEY, Pro'y.

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